

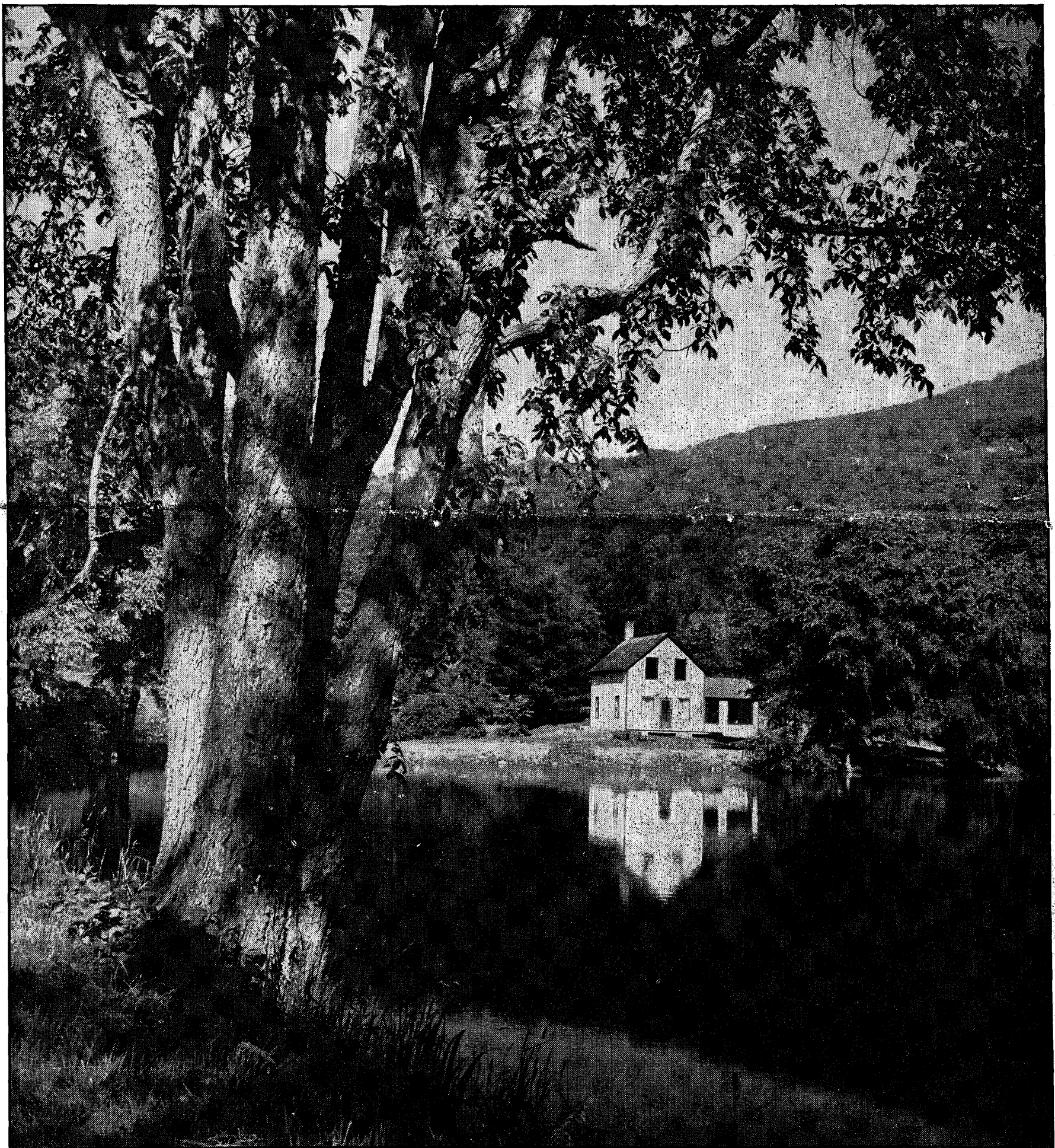
The WAR CRV

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND BERMUDA

No. 3584

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1953

Price Ten Cents



PASS it not without a grateful heart—
The wayside tree beside the limpid pool—
A thing of beauty God hath set apart
For any traveller seeking to get cool.
Watch it balance on its roots and take

Its upward way with swift-increasing power,
Until at last the silver-sprayed boughs break
Like a fountain come to sudden emerald flower
So closely petalled, it shuts out the sky,
Yet the gold sun pierces it, and pools of light

Shimmer beneath it . . . You who would pass by
Stop for a moment in your onward flight
And bathe in beauty which the hand of God
Hath loosed upon the parched and thirsty sod.
Grace Noel Crowell

Thoughts on a Summer Day

Third in a Series of Seasonable Meditations

HIGHWAY for the TRAVELLER

BY SR.-CAPTAIN S. MATTISON



"And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness." (Isaiah 35:8).

AT this time of the year people hear the call of the open highway. From the red sands of Prince Edward Island, to the mountains of British Columbia, thousands of tourists are busily engaged in exploring the highways of Canada.

Highways have been greatly improved since the advent of the automobile. Canada has some that are famous, including the "Queen Elizabeth Way" and the "Pacific Highway". In Saskatchewan the road workers are busy grading and hard-surfacing their portion of the

"Trans-Canada Highway", which is slowly but surely coming into existence.

Many references to highways are made in the Bible. Long ago it tells us, blind Bartimaeus sat by the highway begging.

God has a highway on which we are invited to travel. Isaiah calls it "The highway of holiness". The name is descriptive, and Isaiah makes it quite clear that those who would walk on this highway must live holy lives. He says, "The unclean shall not pass over it".

Some highways are difficult to find, especially when we are endeavoring to leave a town or city. I often saw tourists trying to find their way out of Moose Jaw. In spite of the signs they become confused. God's highway is easy to find. Isaiah says of it, "the wayfaring man, though fools, shall not err therein."

Some highways are dangerous to travel, particularly mountain roads with their hair-pin turns, and great care is required. "Familiarity breeds contempt", it is said. Prairie people when travelling mountain roads have less accidents than mountain

people; they are more careful. There is no danger on God's highway. We are told by the prophet, "No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there."

Only certain people travel on God's highway. Isaiah says, "the redeemed shall walk there, and the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."

Canada's highways leading West have promise of great things ahead. As one approaches the mountains

thrilling prospects await. The first sight of the Rockies, to one who has never seen them before, is a thrill never to be forgotten. In the mountains themselves each turn holds the promise of further vistas of breath-taking beauty.

There is excitement on the King of kings' highway as we think of the great and wonderful things which lie ahead for the traveller. We are told, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

An abandoned highway is not a nice thing to see. There is one near Moose Jaw. Each day it becomes more neglected as weeds grow over it and pot holes develop. How sad it is to see people abandon God's highway. To leave it means trouble and disappointment. "The heart that once has Jesus known, and turned away again, finds soon the joys of sin are flown, though sharp the sting remains. The soul that once has walked with Him, then left His guiding light, can only find earth's glitter dim, its promise quenched in night."

God's highway is narrow, and oft-times uphill, but it leads Home at last. Reader are you travelling on this highway?



Morning Devotions



BY COLONEL ROBERT MORRISON



vessels, sanctified vessels, ready for the Master's use. These vessels were of stone, not of gold or of silver. God uses common people.

WEDNESDAY:

"Jesus saith unto them, Fill the water pots with water. And they filled them up to the brim."

John 2:7.

Does the water in the vessels stand for the thing in us that God is able to use to bless and brighten? Is this something waiting for the word of Jesus that performs the miracle? What is there in you that God can use—some gift, some talent, your hands, your voice? Is some miracle of grace being delayed because of some withholding?

THURSDAY:

"And He saith unto them, 'Draw out now, and bare unto the governor of the feast.'—John 2:8.

The miracle happened; wine the symbol of joy is being served to the needy. Is it not true that often the need is there, the vessels are there and the water is there but the touch of Jesus is lacking and the miracle never happens? Often the miracle is bound up with the words, "Whatsoever He saith unto thee do it." Obedience and faith have a part in miracles.

FRIDAY:

"Thou hast kept the good wine until now."—John 2:10.

Without knowing the why and wherefore, men can tell when the touch of the Divine is present and when it is absent. They can tell by a man's daily life, by his religious profession, by the words he speaks, by the color, by the zest, by the quality of what is on display. The miracle shows itself. We call this conversion.

SATURDAY:

"This beginning of miracles did Jesus . . . and manifested forth His glory."—John 2:11.

It has been said that this scientific age has been rather hard on miracles. Some of this comes from poor thinking. After all, Jesus was a supernatural teacher, as He was a supernatural Saviour. And what more natural than that the supernatural should display itself in Him? Some deep thinking and a study of miracles would strengthen our faith in the Lord Jesus.

GO IN GOD'S MIGHT



OLDIERS of the Cross,
arise!
Gird you with your
armor bright;
Mighty are your ene-
mies,

Hard the battle ye must fight.

O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky;
Let it float there, wide unfurled;
Bear it onward; lift it high.

'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the Living Word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry Truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving Sign display.

To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

Wm. Walsham How.

THE BEAUTY OF THE ROSE

BY MRS. R. WILLIAMS, GRANDVIEW CORPS, VANCOUVER

"JESUS is the Rose of Sharon", sang the poet; I think he could find nothing lovelier to liken Him to.

Of all the flowers God has made for our enjoyment, many think there is nothing lovelier than the rose. True, it has thorns, but they add to its distinctiveness.

What the thorn is to the rose, the Cross is to the Christian. We cannot have one without the other. Jesus himself said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me."

The trials occasioned by the bearing of the Cross may be unlovely, yet the cheerful carrying of the Cross brings out much hidden beauty in the followers of Christ. The taking up of one's Cross makes the Christian seek strength from above and, living in close communion with Christ, he becomes more like his Master from day to day.

It is said that where the rose is picked in order to make perfume, this is done in the darkest hour of

the night, because then the scent is strongest.

Is it not in the dark night of trial and affliction that a Christian's life is the sweetest and strongest? It is easy to be cheerful and good when all goes well, but it takes strong faith and pure love for God to show these qualities in the night of sorrow, sickness or trouble.

The perfume of a rose growing in a garden is wafted on the breeze; there is no knowing where it will reach, it is so elusive.

This is like the Christian's influence. It, too, is carried, we know not where. We know not whom it may reach but it will surely be a blessing.

We delight to take a rose to one who is sick; it is a symbol of our love. How much more should we delight to take Jesus to those who are sick in soul. He only can sweeten all the experiences of life and make them worth while.

Let us cultivate our friendship with the "Rose of Sharon".

A Conversation On a Plane

Had Beneficial Results for One Passenger

IT was ten o'clock at night. Skimming the Rockies at twenty thousand feet, Vancouver's airport behind us, we headed east on the long transcontinental hop. In star-speckled blackness overhead floated a perfectly round moon. Beneath was a billowing carpet of fleecy cumulus, hiding the snow-crested peaks. Aflight at night, man thinks. Aloft, I do a lot of praying, often to brush away yesterday's horror headlines.

The stranger beside me slapped his pocket in that eloquent betraying gesture, and exclaimed: "Gosh! Forgot my cigarettes! Have you a cigarette on you, sir?"

"Sorry," I said. "I know just how you feel—but I gave my last cigarette to God."

A gasp—and panicky disappointment, until I softened the blow by adding, "The steward may have a pack for fellows like you. He'll fix you up until we touch down at Winnipeg."

After the first soothing, lung-filling draws, the stranger queried, "What did you mean—giving your last cigarette to—well, you know? It doesn't seem to make sense." So I settled back, relaxed, and talked of the afternoon when the doorbell rang and a minister friend came in and sat down by the hearth, and, with no preamble whatever, blurted out: "I'm licked by cigarettes. My congregation doesn't know and I go into the pulpit fearing that some day they'll find out. My ministry's shot, because I'm licked, and what's more, my boy doesn't know. I have to smoke in the cellar where it will go up the chimney flue, undetected. My doctor says I have an ailment that tobacco is good for—I'm sure he

isn't right. What could the Mayo Clinic at Rochester do for me? What do you think?"

I felt sorry for him, when he used that expressive term, "licked." It is so revealing.

"Where's your faith, man? Would it help if I dug into my locker of forgiven things—my cigarette story? I know no other way."

When he nodded assent, I began. "For twenty years I was licked—a double package a day, plus special occasions. At two in the morning I would dress and go out until I found a tobacconist's. Didn't dare go into the office without a day's supply; or open a conversation, or sign a letter, pick up the 'phone, or make a decision—until I had lit a cigarette. I was conning a ship through a treacherous, rock-studded passage, expecting momentarily to feel the 'crunch' of steel plates on a hidden boulder heap. We got through, however, into safe anchorage ground—and then the tension broke. Turning to the bridge, I begged, 'For God's sake, someone give me a cigarette!' Always like that—my dependency! I guess you understand."

"Then, one day I found the way of victory—and a faith that works—and God's promises became truths."

I had lit a fire, though it wasn't chilly. A fire helps—something to look into. I poked it into fresh brightness. "Let me illustrate what I would say—with a true story. Not Hollywood stuff—you and I are dealing with relatives now. When problems arise in our lives I often recall a war-time experience, drifting about the mine-filled North Sea with a little crew of English sailors. They were keeping

BY
R. J.
FRASER,
OTTAWA,
ONT.



their minds off the nasty things that could happen by reading aloud from a magazine of humorous anecdotes, about a ship loading heavy anvils at the quay. These were carried aboard, until one man slipped, and with his anvil fell into the sea.

"Throw me a line—a rope!" he cried. There was no response, and a second time he hollered, "Throw me a rope!" Still no one answered. The third time he broke surface, he cried in desperation: "Throw me a rope! If somebody doesn't throw me a rope this time, I'm going to

let go of this anvil!"

"With me, He waited until I did something about my cigarettes. I took the package from my pocket. 'God,' I said, 'I'm giving You my last cigarette,' and threw it into this fireplace. I've never needed to light one since."

When he arose, long moments after, he was free. Months afterwards, he wrote to say that his ministry had so stepped up, in power and outreach, that they called him to a larger Church in the heart of the metropolis. Let go, and let God!

from CUSTOMER TO CONVERT

War Cry Selling Often Leads To Soul-Winning

I WAS late starting out and I found myself again waiting for the bus. The bundle of "War Cry" over my arm was heavy. I was carrying a double burden, for my companion had long since entered the Training College.

The regular weekly visit to the next village on a Saturday night had for over a month, proved to be a good deal more than unrewarded routine. Interest had been awakened among the patrons of the club and pubs and, because of this, I studied the front page of both periodicals.

I dared not risk being caught out as I had been a week or two previously by the remark addressed to me, "Have you read it?"

I had to confess: but since then, I had used that fifteen-minute bus ride making sure that I had read at least the front page and made myself aware of other features contained in "The War Cry."

"Bank-stop!" I continued reading until a friendly hand touched my shoulder: "This is your stop, Captain," said the conductress. I had become so engrossed in my reading I would have gone beyond my destination.

I apologized to the conductress and walked off toward my first pub where, having made a number of contacts and disposed of three dozen papers, I moved on to the next pub which boasted a music room. "The Old Rugged Cross" was always requested and, as usual, I obliged. As

I sang my eyes searched the small sea of faces and I recognized one of the regular customers.

He had asked me on my second visit to E—if a "War Cry" could be delivered to his home each week, and Linda, a corps cadet, eagerly added it to her list.

From the expression on his face I could see that he was worried, but he listened intently. On a sudden impulse I asked the pianist to play the melody, "Now is the Hour" to which I added the words:

How wonderful it is to fight
for God
And point poor sinners to the
precious Blood
How wonderful it is to wield
His sword
'Gainst sin, the enemy of
Christ, my Lord.

This verse had scarcely been completed when my worried friend hurriedly left the room and a feeling of disappointment filled my heart for I had wanted to talk to him. The song ended, I went outside and was startled when a voice from the shadows said, "May I speak to you, Captain?"

It was our customer. Having recovered from the surprise I listened to his story.

"You may know that I go to a certain church in this place," he said, "and for a long time I have felt unsatisfied with my life. Going



there," he jerked his thumb toward the pub, "didn't seem to me to be the right thing. I saw you people with your papers and realized I was not being a vital Christian."

"You can be, you know," I urged. "Have you prayed about it?"

"Yes, but it means giving up so many things. I haven't the will power!"

I talked on and he eventually agreed to yield his dearly loved hindrances to God. Placing the remaining pile of "War Cry" upon the ground we knelt before them under the canopy of the starry sky and there met with God.

There was no time to finish the round, but the "War Cry"—cum—penitent-form were distributed to listeners at the open-air meetings on the following day.

Oh, and I never saw my friend in a pub again, but when we last met he was "happy in the Lord!"

—THE WARRIOR

What Might Have Been

LET me remember all the times I have crossed the road without being knocked down; all the nights I have had free from pain; all the terrible events that never happened; all the bad people I have not met; the many times I have searched for something and found it in the first drawer instead of in the last one; the blight which has not fallen on my garden; the doctors' bills I have not paid (and I had no need to); the accidents Judith was certain would take place and didn't; the naughty ways of Peter which turned out to have been good intentions; the hundreds of times I have not been to the dentist; the thousands of days I have not been out of work; the millions of enemies I might have had but haven't (so far as I know); the money I have not lost through unwise investment; the days when the weather was better than everyone predicted. . . .

For it is so easy to remember the worst yet so much better to remember the best.

The Optimist.

Sceptical Humans

FROM Vancouver comes the story of a man trying to give away one-dollar notes. He held them out to passers-by and displayed a placard which said, "Please take one."

Hundreds went by and shook their heads with a knowing smile. It recalls similar stories. Several years ago a celebrated conjurer stood in London's crowded Oxford Street for a whole afternoon trying to sell genuine £1 notes for a penny. He had no customers.



Adventurous Mary

THE GIRL WHO BECAME A MISSIONARY NURSE



BY ADELAIDE AH KOW

Major Mary Layton (R), the subject of this story now living in Newfoundland served for years as a missionary in China. She becomes a nurse in England then serves in the Falkland Islands. Afterwards she accepts a nursing post in Newfoundland, sponsored by the wife of the governor. In an isolated lumbering community, Mary attends the Army meetings out of curiosity. Is saved and wins some of her patients for Christ. Later Mary becomes a Salvationist and dons the uniform. She returns to England after reading an appeal in The War Cry, asking for nurses for Army work. Mary hears God's call for missionary service and is appointed to China. After a study of the language, Mary proceeds to a hospital in North China, an institution that catered for 800 villages, and had no lack of patients.

On her homeland furlough Mary spent some time in Newfoundland and later proceeded to England where she took a post-graduate course in nursing and returned to China during the Second World War.

Mary served in a refugee camp and was later appointed to an Army clinic in Tientsin.

(Continued from previous issues)

MARY was singing, the while she massaged the partly-paralyzed body of a small boy not two years old. She sang in Chinese, of course. It was one of the wall choruses of her clinic. And while she sang and worked over the little body, smiling into the intent, serious black eyes fixed upon her, mother and grandmother sat upon the form against the wall and nodded their approval.

It was good of Lai Ko Ko (her Chinese name) to entertain the child as well as heal him. They would like to repay her, only they were so very poor.

But gratitude found a way. One morning they arrived full of suppressed excitement. No sooner had greetings been exchanged and the small boy placed on the table than the mother whispered to the child. Instantly the baby voice struck up, "Birdies in the treetops sing their song," and continued unfalteringly to the finish. Then, without waiting, it went on to "Trust and obey," and each chorus Mary had been wont to sing to the child, while Mary could only stand speechless with surprise and delight. He had been singing them at home, the mother explained, trying to hide her pride in the child and her pleasure at the foreign nurse's astonishment.

Hua Ting could not have been more than eight years old. It was her duty to lead her blind father about, hence periodically she brought him to the clinic; and, as all eye cases came to Mary, it followed that Hua Ting was a frequent occupant of the seat by the wall. Here as she waited for her father she might be seen industriously bending over her knitting

and not infrequently being teased by a boy patient who, after having had drops in his eyes, occupied the same form.

Mary had taught Hua Ting to knit, and had given the child wool, needles, and a bag in which to carry her treasures. These possessions were the little girl's delight, and her accomplishment the pride of her family.

But one morning sad news reached Mary. Hua Ting was ill, and instead of bringing him, the blind father, led by a younger sister, had carried her.

A mysterious ailment—according to the women who were discussing the matter. The child had not awakened for two days. Ever since

Ting's turn, but Mary could not wait. What could be the matter with a child usually so healthy and full of life? Slipping through the various rooms, she reached the waiting room to see the limp form of the girl lying in her father's arms. Mary's practiced fingers went at once to the child's wrist. The pulse was strong and regular. With a sigh of relief she took the child from the father and bore her through to her own room. There she sat her upon the seat, propping her figure against the wall. The body did not topple over, but it preserved its immobility.

"Hua Ting," said Mary, severely, "why are you pretending to be asleep?"

somewhat reluctantly, and looking, Mary suddenly remembered, almost panic-stricken.

Could it possibly be that she had been afraid to confess the loss and had adopted this expedient instead? Nothing more nor less.

"If it's your knitting that you're worrying about," said Mary, watching her closely, "I shouldn't wonder if Shui-Shen has taken it just to tease you."

A Sudden "Recovery"

Evidently that thought had not occurred to Hua Ting. Her eyes opened, a dawning hope in them.

"You know what a tease that boy is," said Mary, getting a basin of water and proceeding to wash the child's face and hands. "See if he has it before you worry any more about it. And Hua Ting, you must never do this again. You are a little Christian girl and Christian girls do not cause their parents anxiety."

Great was the rejoicing of Hua Ting's family when the child was restored to them wide awake and well.

"What did Lai Ko Ko do to you?" asked the blind father.

"She washed my face and hands," said Hua Ting, truthfully.

But perhaps what touched Mary most was the endurance of the little ones. How they suffered in the winter from hunger and frost bites! One little chap only six or seven years of age was threatened with the loss of all his toes. The adopted child of a rickshaw coolie, he spent most of his nights rummaging for cinders among the waste from hotels and big houses. These he sold by day and could make, he proudly informed Mary, four or five shillings a day. A bright, good-natured little fellow, he talked like an old man, but was very much the small child, crying bitterly during dressings.

"Ta Tu," said Mary as she finished the dressings one day, "I know a home where you could have food every day, a bed at night, and warm clothes to wear. You could go to school, too, and be educated. Would you like to go there?"

"Is it much to pay?" he asked, warily.

"Not for small boys," said Mary, gravely.

"Clothes and food cost money," said Ta Tu. "Who pays?"

"The Jesus people pay," said Mary, adjusting the bandages. "The Lord Jesus has told them to do this for small boys."

"Why?"

"Because He loves them and wants them to learn about Him and the way He would like them to live."

Ta Tu considered the proposition. "You ask my father," he said at last.

Mary did, and used all her powers of persuasion; but the rickshaw man was adamant. The child was an asset; he could not spare him. His own earnings were meagre and insufficient these days for the needs of the family. Ta Tu must help.

Poor little Ta Tu! He lost eight of his ten toes, but kept his happy spirit. No wonder the children of China tugged at Mary's heart.

(To be continued)

Candidates Accepted for "Shepherds" Session of Cadets



K. Hammond



Mrs. K. Hammond



N. Morgan



L. Woods

Kenneth Hammond of London Citadel is a tool and die maker. As a child he accepted Christ after a lantern slide lecture. Hearing a missionary describe throngs worshipping at the shrine of Buddha, he was moved to dedicate his life to God and the Army.

Mrs. Lenora Hammond of London Citadel, accepted Christ as a child in a Decision Sunday meeting. With her hus-

band, she feels she should spend her life preaching the gospel.

Norma Morgan of Stellarton, N.S., was converted as a child. She responded to the call of God during a youth council.

Lance Woods of Collingwood was converted in a Youth for Christ meeting and became a Salvationist. He has responded to the call of God to become an officer.

her last visit to the clinic she had been in this condition. Mary pricked up her ears. Ever since her last visit to the clinic. Soon, tongues would be whispering that the foreign doctors had laid a spell upon the girl.

Mary decided to slip through to the waiting room to see the child the minute she had disposed of the chattering women.

Evidently it was not yet Hua

There was neither movement nor reply.

"You know it is very naughty of you to cause your parents anxiety like this. Tell me, why are you doing it?"

Still there was no reply.

"Hua Ting, your hair is uncombed, your face is unwashed. What a disgrace for a little Christian girl to look like this! Now open your eyes and tell me why you are so naughty?"

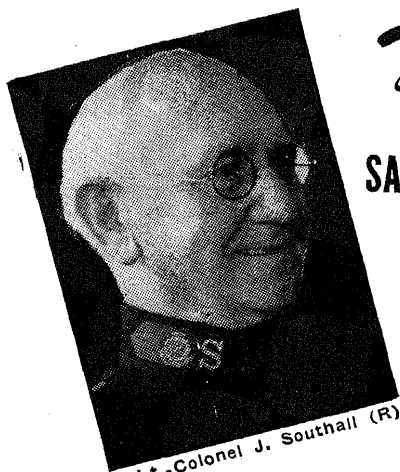
But Hua Ting neither opened her eyes nor spoke. Mary talked on arguing and scolding but without avail. All the time her brain was working on the problem and her heart was looking to its usual Source for help.

"Show me what to do, Father," she was praying. "Don't let this happening harm our work."

"Ever since she was last at the clinic." The sentence came back to her again and again. What had happened that day? Nothing unusual. Hua Ting had sat on the form knitting and Shui-Shen had sat next to her teasing her. They and the father had left almost together, and then later—oh! yes, later Hua Ting had come running back to say she had lost her knitting. Had it been left at the clinic? "Not here, Hua Ting," Mary had said, engaged in tidying up, and the child had gone



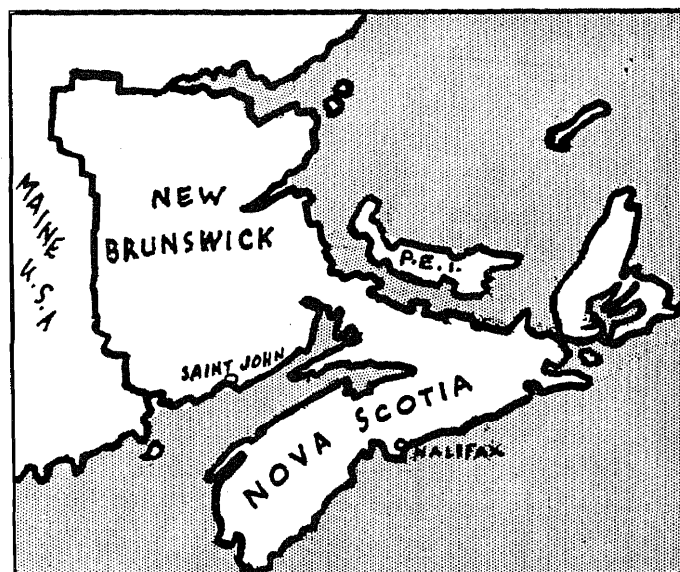
JAPANESE TRAINING COLLEGE officers and cadets of the "Heralds" Session. The cadets were recently commissioned in Tokyo.



Lt.-Colonel J. Southall (R)

The FIRST FIVE YEARS

SALVATION ARMY HISTORY IN THE MARITIMES



(Continued from a previous issue)
AT last the happy day came when the reinforcement I had been expecting for some time was assured by the arrival of Captain Jannie Langtry, with Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs from Toronto. The Saint John paper gave more than a column report of the wedding ceremony in the skating rink, with over 4,000 persons present. I had been appointed divisional commander of the Halifax Division a few months before. We had a very happy and useful term in that fine appointment.

The opening of Halifax produced a dynamic effect upon the whole of Nova Scotia. Vivid newspaper reports aroused even remote villages. Crowds came into the city from outside places, and returned to tell of the great things they had seen, with ever-pressing appeals for leaders in their home town. Many could not seem to understand how a slight, fair-haired girl with a beaming face and captivating voice could move people to rise and come voluntarily forward to kneel at the Mercy-Seat—big strapping men from the woods or from their fishing nets. One was reminded of the remark of the Bishop of Durham, England, when he said, "The Salvation Army is another chapter in the 'Acts of the Apostles.'"

An Editorial Friend

Charlottetown was a duplicate of the stirring reception given to our advance in Halifax, and aroused the whole of Prince Edward Island in similar manner. In "scouting," I usually called on the newspaper editor, and gave information of our purpose to commence operations, this to be treated confidentially until arrangements had been completed. In this case the editor of the Presbyterian paper of the Maritimes proved a great friend. He probably knew more about the Army than I did, as he was a reader of magazines from England, which gave information of views of churches and leading ministers on the Army's operations. I was surprised to get the issue in which he gave a very fine article on the prospective opening. He stated that "a military-looking gentleman—Captain Southall"—had kindly called upon him.

To reach Charlottetown was sometimes rather a problem, especially in the spring. The straits could be blocked in a short time first by the changing of the wind, which was to prove to be so on this trip. The ship named the "Northern Light", retired many years ago, was due to leave so as to catch the train at Georgetown for Charlottetown. We were less than half way across the straits when the ice closed in and the boat was held fast. She was a small, but sturdy vessel, built with heavy British oak timbers and reinforced with thick steel plates, and thick but sharp bow. Darkness descended and the crunching of the ice and dim oil lamps made a weird situation. The boat would rise and drop at times and the large slabs of ice would clash and dash with explosive effect. The crew were cheery, evidently Christian men, and treated us royally.

Going on deck the sight was gorgeous. Far as the eye could reach there was this great mass of

ice, which looked like a boundless granite quarry—huge slabs piled upon each other in endless shapes. The streaks of red P.E.I. soil caused the slabs to appear as if they were granite. The picture has often recurred to me, and can never be forgotten.

We arrived more than a day late. In the Sunday night meeting, about forty young people—men and women—came forward. Most of these became officers and gave splendid service, some on the mission field. Lutie DesBrisay, who came of a fine family, gave many years of splendid service in various positions in Canada, reaching, before her retirement, the responsible position of Territorial Women's Social Secretary—head of that department. Brigadier F. Knight (R) could furnish quite a list of fine comrades of those days, beginning with members of his own family and their parents, who were members of God's aristocracy. Colonel DesBrisay rests "until the day dawn" near the spot where she started her useful career.



ONLY TWO SURVIVORS of this 1927 group are left—the writer of the accompanying article (second row left) and Colonel G. Attwell, extreme left of front row. The others are: (Front row) Colonel R. Adby, Colonel H. Otway, Colonel G. Miller, Lt.-Colonel W. Morehen. (Back row) Major A. Fraser, Major J. Thompson; Lt.-Colonel R. Perry, Colonel J. Noble, Brigadier Bramwell Taylor, Brigadier F. Bloss, Lt.-Colonel J. Calvert, Lt.-Colonel A. Jennings.

Cape Breton

Maritimers reading these notes may perhaps wonder if that sharp piece of land jutting into the Gulf of St. Lawrence should claim some place in this story of the Maritimes. The Sydneys could not be overlooked, and another trip (with its usual emergency rations of crackers and cheese and package of tea) resulted in North Sydney being opened. Again great crowds and enthusiastic meetings, remarkable conversions, wonderful testimonies and great rejoicings made up an experience that could never be forgotten.

I took with me an old warrior to take charge of the new corps—Captain Sam. Blackburn. He was well known as a blood-and-fire veteran, and always did good service.

The invasion of St. John's, Newfoundland, was a repetition of the enthusiasm and excitement that had characterized the attack upon Saint John, N.B., and Halifax, N.S. The people of this sea-girt land were noted for their rugged purpose in all they undertook, not the least in their religion. The ancestors of a great part of the population were among those who had shared in the Wesley revival, which had swept through Devon and Cornwall in the days of long ago. It seemed that embers at least were burning, and needed but rekindling to bring about the same results. The fire soon spread from town to town, and remote places resounded with the songs and praises of the Lamb.

It was characteristic that the young people in all these openings seemed to sense a spirit of chivalry and crusade, and were eager to salute the flag, unsheathe the

sword to do earnest battle for the Kingdom of God. Young women vied with young men in historic service, with equal accomplishments. The Maritimes furnished a large number for training as officers, who have given service in all parts of Canada and their descendants, to the second and third generation, have sustained the enterprise of their forbearers, many on different mission fields.

The haste with which the pioneer operations had to be carried on because of unauthorized openings by other so-called "armies" had now to be more thoroughly organized.

—but that opens a new era.

There was no railway from the mainland to Sydney in the days of our first operations in Cape Breton. This was fortunate for the lover of beautiful scenery. The trip of one hundred miles from Mulgrave to Sydney was often spoken of by travellers as being among the most enchanting to be found anywhere. Passing through the Bras d'or Lakes—Arm of Gold, so well named by the French—was to see a panorama of succeeding surprises and revealing grandeur. Suddenly the boat would seem to be ringed about by tiny islands, and we would be guessing as to how we would get through, when quickly she would turn her nose into a narrow channel and into another ring. In one place the boat seemed to be running into trees, and as we passed through the narrow channel the tops of the trees forming a lovely arbor away towards the blue sky; beautiful beyond words.

What a country of majestic grandeur, peopled with folks of high principle and kindly disposition, seeming to enjoy a sense of contact with the Great Architect who gave them the beauties of earth and sky and sea about them.

THE BIRTH OF A SONG

That Is Still A Blessing

THE Divisional Commander for the Division of Norwich, in the English Eastern Counties, pondered the letter he had received from the British Chief Secretary, then Colonel Charles T. Rich. It contained a request from the British Commissioner, Mrs. General Bramwell Booth, for a song to be sung at the officers' councils she was to conduct at Clapton.

Staff-Captain Albert Orsborn was a song-writer of world-wide repute; but that fact did not mean that he could sit down straightway and compose a song; indeed, it may even have hindered rather than helped, for a world-wide reputation, once established, is not easy to maintain. Anyone can clap lines together and make them rhyme; but originality of thought and of phrase is an entirely different matter.

There had been a lengthy period, when a member of the International Training College Staff, that Albert Orsborn had composed a song practically every week, and the three thousand people who regularly attended the great Thursday night holiness meetings in the Congress Hall, at Clapton, conducted by Thomas McKie, expected the new song, and Albert Orsborn to sing it.

They were grand days for some of us—never-to-be-forgotten days; and many of the Orsborn songs produced then have already lived for between thirty and forty years, and will continue to live so long as there is a Salvation Army.

CLOTHING and SUNSHINE PROVIDED IN FINLAND'S FRESH-AIR CAMP



EVERY summer social officers in Finland take some 1,200 poor children from the dirty backyards of big cities to the glittering lakes and green forests of the countryside. There the boys and girls—all of them under school age—spend five happy weeks under the care of smiling and kind-hearted slum officers, who give them plenty of nourishing food, sing, play and swim with them and teach the little ones to love Jesus Christ, the best Friend of all children.

Nummela is one of these summer colonies, thirty miles from Helsinki. It is an old manor, somewhat tumble-down, but it stands on a slope near a beautiful lakeside. In wintertime it is silent and lonely, little birds flutter about the house and the wind howls around the corners. In summer, however, there is a cheerful noise round the big old building and a hundred little feet on the green courtyard.

Nummela is one of the three summer colonies of Helsinki Slum Central, and over 200 children spend five weeks in two groups every summer in the ideal surroundings.

The first summer colony for children in Finland was opened in 1906. It was several years later that Nummela manor was bought for this purpose. Two years ago, friends united to build a new house for the boys of this colony, and the red-painted building, with its big dormitory for boys and a nice room for

their nurse, made it possible to increase the number of boys who could take advantage of this colony and spend five thrilling weeks of Finland's short summer months in such a heavenly place.

But the girls have had to use, as

house near the colony heard the children singing in the courtyard. He was interested to see what was going on in this big family. He saw the house from the cellar to the attics, was deeply moved by all that he had seen and heard, and impressed by the need for more

The Family that Prays Together STAYS Together!



A DIVINE PROMISE

“THESE words, which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children; thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up . . . Thou shalt do that which is right and good in the sight of the Lord that it may be well with thee . . . And when thy son asketh thee . . . saying, What mean the testimonies, the statutes and the judgments which the Lord our God hath commanded you? Then shalt thou say, We were Pharaoh's bondmen in Egypt, and the Lord brought us out of Egypt with a mighty hand . . . and the Lord commanded us to do all these statutes, to fear Him for our good always.” — Deuteronomy 6: (from verse six)

their bedroom, a big, open place in the loft of the old manor. It had many disadvantages and was far too small. One day, however, a wealthy businessman who has his summer

accommodation, especially for the girls.

“I shall donate to the colony a new building for the girls,” he exclaimed, full of enthusiasm. And he did!

The building is approximately fifty feet by twenty feet. At both ends of the house there are big bedrooms for the children, and between them a room for the nurse and a washing room. In the hall a big stove gives warmth on cool and rainy days. There are also little cupboards for the clothes. This warm-hearted friend has promised to present, for next summer, new little beds and small tables and chairs for the little tots.

Laughed and Cried

For the opening ceremony the slum sisters had been very busy preparing; one of them had sewn six dozen white and dark blue shorts for the boys. (All the children use the clothes of the colony.) The little girls looked very smart in their tidy Sunday dresses, a pink or blue ribbon flying in their flaxen hair. Hand in hand they marched into the dining hall where the guests were sitting. The little ones sit on the floor. They had their own part in the program. They played and sang with full heart and the grown-up guests laughed and sometimes furtively wiped away a tear.

Next term the slum sisters will

be able to cater for 120 children at Nummela colony, thanks to the new extension and its donor.

Helsinki Slum Central has another two colonies in use elsewhere. The children never forget the happy summer days in the colony. A young woman who, in her childhood has spent five summers in Nummela, remembers the place even today with deep gratitude and affection.

Thus the slum sisters of Finland help to build up the future of the country by bringing health and happiness, as well as good Christian influences into the lives of the little ones from the poor and neglected homes of the cities.

The Deliverer, London.

POPULATION INCREASES

Beating Missionary Advances

WE to whom the Gospel has been committed are in the greatest race with time this world has ever known. On its outcome depends the eternal destiny of millions of souls who have not yet heard the name of Christ.

This is a race first of all with rapidly increasing world population. During the last thirty years the world's population has increased by more than 500 millions. The present birth rate throughout the world is 233,000 daily, or eighty-four million a year. In contrast, deaths throughout the world average 109,589 daily, or fewer than forty million a year. Thus world population is increasing at the rate of forty-four million a year, and the rate of increase is constantly growing.

Egypt has increased her population from sixteen million in 1940 to more than twenty million in 1950; Africa from 140 million to 200 million. Most South American countries show an increase of around twenty per cent. During the last five years Japan has not only replaced her great losses from World War II, but she has increased her total population by eleven million.

The Church has long since failed to keep up. During the past generation alone, more than one billion souls have gone out into eternity—and, tragedy of tragedies, at least 750 million of this number were never touched by the Church. They went out into a Christless eternity never having heard of God's provision for their salvation.

But what of those living today? Speaking conservatively, there are 400 million more unevangelized souls in the world now than a generation ago—in spite of our so-called increase in missionary interest. The conclusion is inescapable: we are losing the race against time in relation to increased population—Moody Monthly.

Hardships of Burmese Life

“THE pipe-line which brings water to Rangoon has been blown up twice during one month by insurgents,” writes Brigadier L. Fletcher, Officer Commanding for Burma. “Repairs were just finished when it was blown up again. Rangoon now has no properly piped water. Fortunately the fire hydrant supply is working and people gather around the small holes in the ground getting water.”

“A permit to travel to Pyu—which is necessary for Europeans—informed me that I could travel, but the Government would not be responsible if I were to fall into the hands of the insurgents. Travel was difficult with all bridges guarded but, on arrival at Pyu, I was able to stay in our own property, though it is still in Government hands. Local travelling was made easier by the use of a jeep kindly loaned by a Sikh doctor at the civil hospital. “New converts from Buddhism and a mother and daughter were sworn-in as senior soldiers at Pyu.”

A TRANSFORMING BOOK

THERE was in a prison cell a man who had been five times convicted of burglary. He was most troublesome, and the prison punishment and the chaplain's warnings and persuasions seemed to have no effect whatever on his hardened conscience. On one occasion the chaplain was going round the cells, and when he came to this one he was wondering what he would say. Opening the door he greeted him by name and in a cheery tone said: “I'll tell you what is the matter with you—you want making new inside.”

The remark seemed to strike the prisoner as a good joke, and he answered: “Well, governor, I think you are right about it!”

The chaplain was rather surprised at this answer, and asked him if he knew how it could be done.

“Not likely,” he replied.

The chaplain said, “But you could. Listen to this,” and he read to him that verse in Ezekiel 36: “A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh.”

The prisoner admitted that that would be making new inside, but that it was not possible for him.

“You are wrong, my lad,” answered the chaplain, and then told him that he knew men who had been so changed, and reminded him that the words were God's words. Then he handed him his own Bible, and turning down the leaf at the 3rd chapter of John's Gospel, left it with him to read for himself.

Three days later he saw the man again, and was struck with the change in his face and manner. “What is it?” he said.

The prisoner replied, “What is it? It is the Book!”

Then he told him how he read the verses over and over, and every time they seemed to be more wonderful than before. Then there came back to him recollections of what he had heard when he was a boy, and his bitter, hard heart was broken, and with prayers and tears he cried for mercy, and soon found forgiveness through the Blood of Christ.

STRATEGICALLY LOCATED ISLAND

Cyprus Prospering

THERE has hardly been a time in the history of the Eastern Mediterranean when Cyprus has not played an important role.

Now, this British island of 3572 square miles with its mixed population of Turks and Greeks again finds itself almost in the front line. Barely two hours' flying time southward lies the Suez Canal Zone.

Cyprus is the nearest British possession to the Canal Zone, and when, as in recent months, difficulties arise in Egypt, the Cypriot ports of Larnaka and Famagusta hum with activity, as troopships carrying Suez-bound forces arrive and depart with clockwork regularity.

During the early days of the Persian oil crisis, too, Cyprus was flooded with red-bereted paratroopers, in readiness for any emergency. Many civil aviation companies also use its airfields.

Powerful radio stations have been recently opened here, both by Britain and America, to listen to and answer propaganda aimed at the Middle Eastern peoples by Russian and satellite stations to the north.

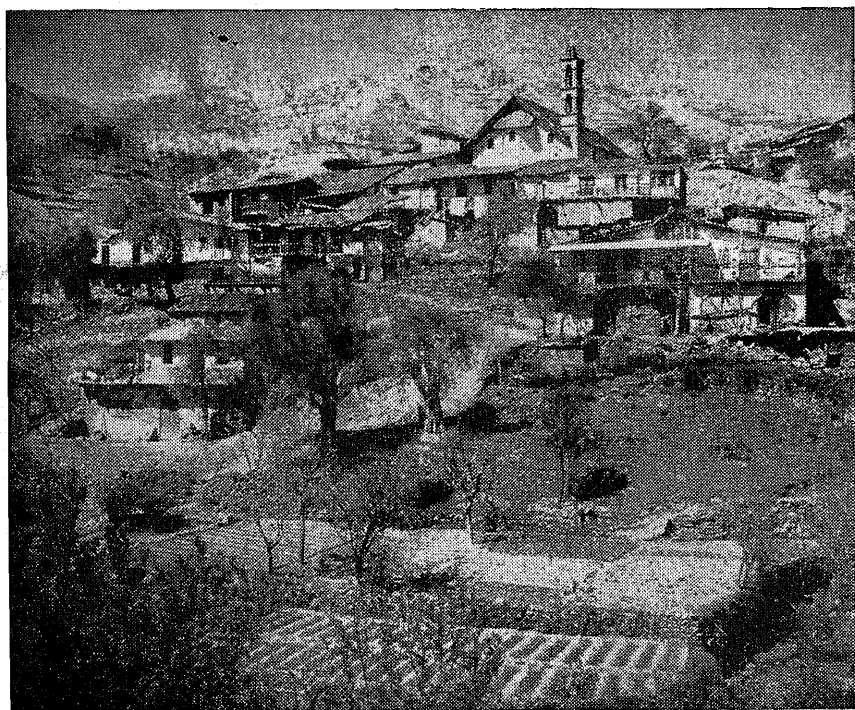
Situated between Turkey and Egypt, and about sixty miles west of Syria, this island outpost is now of great strategic importance. Even the slightest change in the balance of power in the Middle East is sure to reflect upon the colony's position.

community—although now a minority—still remains, and towns such as Nicosia, the capital, with towering minarets and narrow alleys, are strikingly like those of Anatolia, in Turkey.

Politically, the city Greeks and Turks of Cyprus do not agree. The Greeks have agitated for many years for an end to British control and for the amalgamation of the island with Greece itself. The Turks, on the other hand, state that Cyprus has never belonged to Greece, and that the present status of the country as a British Crown Colony should be maintained. Failing that, they want the island to be handed back to Turkey.

But the backbone of the people—the farmers and shepherds of the mountains and plains, Greeks and Turks alike—have little interest in such affairs. Many of them told the Children's Newspaper correspondent during his tours throughout the entire country that they were mainly interested in prosperity. Politics, they felt, were not their concern.

Although Cyprus is only the size of Wales, it is not yet well developed economically. The Government and the people are today exerting most of their energies in this direction. But before industry, health and education were vital—only a healthy and educated people can ad-



A CYPRUS MOUNTAIN VILLAGE, Paleokhori, the layout of which is dictated by the steep hillside on which it is set. (Right) The donkey carries the plough on the weekly trek to the field and a wee lassie accompanies it.

Should it be decided to set up a Middle East Command, Cyprus would almost certainly be chosen as its headquarters.

Lying not far from the Holy Land, Cyprus was the first country to become Christian, and the first to have a ruler of that faith, when the Roman governor was converted by St. Paul and Barnabas. Later, the island was conquered by Richard the First, and it was here that he married the fair Berengaria of Navarre, and on the same day had her crowned Queen by three French bishops.

Today, many relics of the Phoenicians, of Ancient Romans, Venetian traders, and the crusaders are to be seen in Cyprus. Othello, Shakespeare's Moor of Venice, is believed to have been Christoforo Moro—a Venetian Governor of Famagusta—and this may well be true; for his name means Moor, and his tower is still to be seen at Famagusta harbour.

For three centuries, until annexed by Britain in 1914, Cyprus was under Turkish rule. The Turkish

vance. The first step was to rid the country of malaria, by destroying with DDT sprays the mosquito breeding-grounds.

Now, with the country completely cleared of dangerous diseases, new schools have spread even to the remotest areas. Boys and girls study farming and engineering, as well as the usual school subjects. With irrigation, new areas have been brought under crop cultivation. The output of fruits has greatly expanded since the war. The steadily increasing price of minerals has brought amazing prosperity to the iron, asbestos, and copper mines.

In comparison, the sites of ancient pilgrimage and glory are today not important. Only a few visit the immense Temple of Venus at Paphos, in the west; or the Forum of Salamis—one of the greatest Roman forums in the world.

Nowadays the tourists go to Mount Olympus (Home of the Gods), to the ski-ing and the luxury hotels. Where the Crusaders rested 700 years ago are to be seen bronzed



A READING AID

IN this age of that prolific giant, the printing press, we are all deluged with books, periodicals and other material, most of which we often feel that somehow we should read. Most of us have developed our own peculiar techniques of getting through this daily chore of retaining some knowledge and understanding of what we have read.

In "Civic Training" (American Education Press) the following self appraisal and guide for students is given. If followed, it should improve reading habits, speed up the appraisal of an article and make one more consciously critical of it.

Before reading:

1. Do I read the heads and sub-heads to get a general idea of what the article is about?
2. Do I look at the pictures to learn

Reading the Article:

1. Do I first read to get a general idea of the article?
2. Do I then reread quickly to pick out the most important ideas?
3. Do I go over certain parts again to understand the main points?
4. Do I think about what I have read? Do I ask myself such questions as:
 - a. What point of view does the article present?
 - b. In what ways does it change my own thinking about the subject?
 - c. Does the article present facts or opinions?
 - d. What does the article mean to me? My family? My community? My province? My Nation?
5. Do I learn the meaning and



what they tell about the subject?

3. Do I review in my own mind what I know about the subject to see how the article will fit with my own knowledge or lack of it?

British soldiers, eating grapes at four cents a pound. Everywhere there is the feeling of progress and striving towards a still better life in this sun-kissed garden of the Mediterranean.

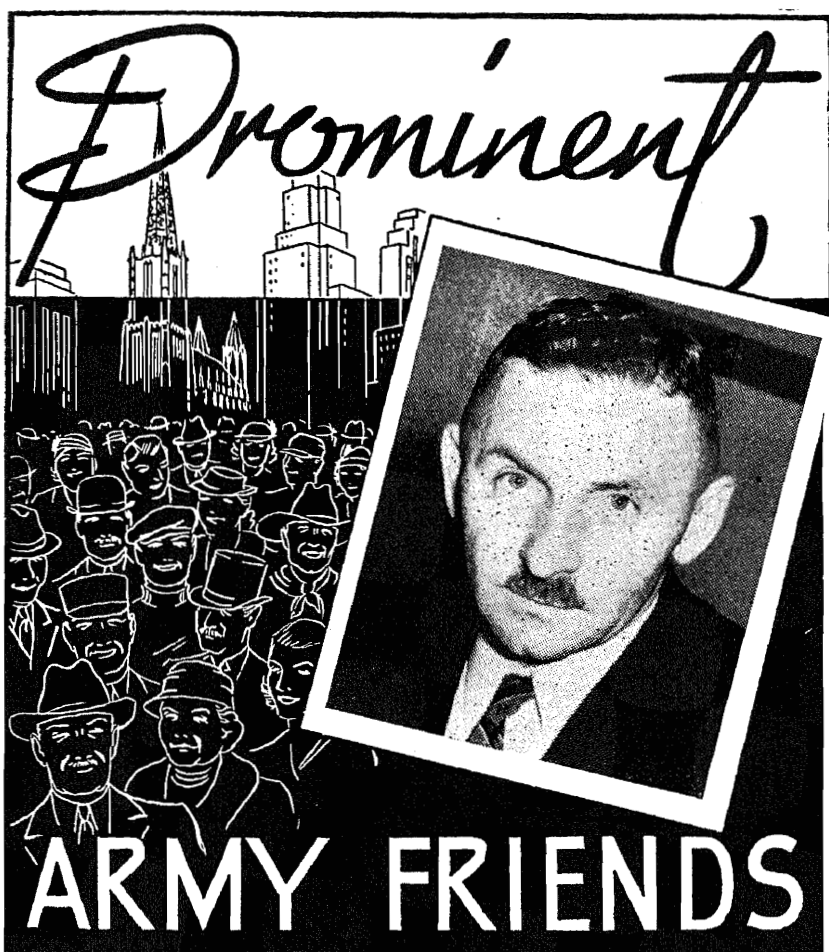
Children's Newspaper.

pronunciation of new words?

After Reading the Article:

1. Do I study the graphs, charts, and maps to get additional information on the subject?
2. Do I take time to learn what questions are raised in my mind by the article?
3. Do I take time to find additional information to answer those questions?

Never spend your time in such a way that you would not like God to ask: "What art thou doing?"



BRIGADIER SHERWOOD LETT, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., E.D., Q.C., L.L.D., B.A., Barrister, soldier extraordinary, and now chancellor of the University of British Columbia, a member of the Vancouver Advisory Board since its inception and at present Vice-chairman. He has given unstintingly of his time and ability in all matters connected with Salvation Army interests.

International Secretary

Campaigns In South of France

FOLLOWING a series of meetings held in the capital of France, Commissioner and Mrs. Gordon Simpson inspected institutions and led meetings in four cities in the south.

At Lyons, after the Commissioner had given a lecture on the work and needs of the Army, an officer's daughter dedicated her life for service.

At Nîmes, at the conclusion of the Sunday holiness meeting, the first seeker was a cripple who asked for her invalid-chair to be pushed toward the Penitent-form. In the afternoon Mrs. Simpson presided over a meeting for women. An informal meeting was held in the girls' home known as the Villa, Blanche Peyron, and the Commissioner inspected "The Good Hospital," an institution which gives a helping hand to men and women alike.

At a typical open-air meeting led by Major Georges Delcourt, the Divisional Commander, many hands were raised when the listeners were invited to buy the New Testament. Following this a salvation meeting was held in the Communal Foyer, when six souls surrendered.

Newcomer seekers

Colonel and Mrs. Maurice Cache-lin, from Brazil, who had just arrived in Europe for their furlough, were able to take part in the evening meeting at Marseilles on Monday. There were eleven seekers, most of them newcomers. The Commissioner also led a meeting in the newly decorated hall at Nice.

Mrs. Commissioner Simpson conducted a Sunday afternoon meeting in Paris, when Senior-Major Elizabeth Balshaitis, of International Headquarters, and Senior-Captain Adain Read, from the U.S.A., took part and there were several seekers. Commissioner Irène Peyron, the

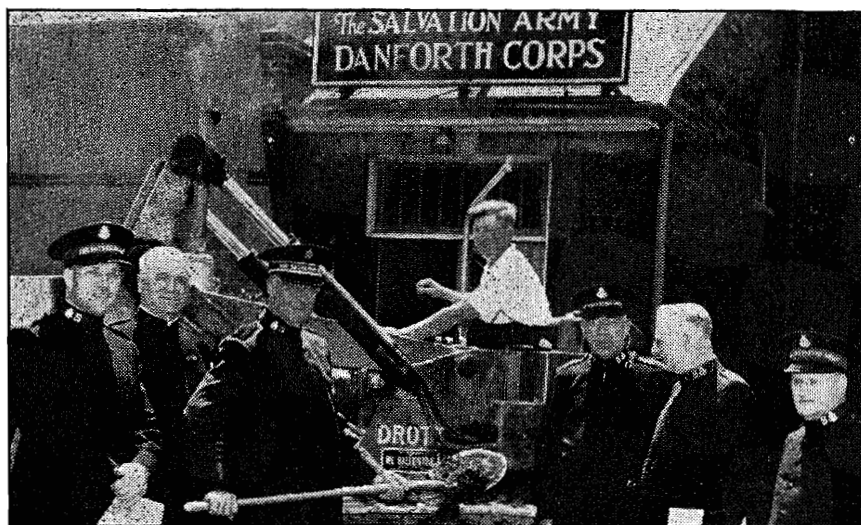
Territorial Commander, accompanied the visitors, whose messages were translated by Brigadier Gilbert Abadie, Mrs. Senior-Major Miaglia and Senior-Captain Suzanne Barrell.

The War Cry, London,

THANKS FOR SYMPATHY

THROUGH the medium of The War Cry, Mrs. Commissioner Ernest I. Pugmire desires to express sincere appreciation for the comforting messages received following the sudden passing of her beloved husband, the National Commander of The Salvation Army in the U.S.A. In this expression of appreciation the family also joins.

First-Lieutenant and Mrs. Stanley Armstrong, Swift Current, Saskatchewan, welcomed a baby son, Stanley Gordon, to their home.



THE COMMISSIONER (centre) turning the sod for the new Danforth Citadel. (At the time of publishing this, the digging of the foundation has been completed.) On the left are shown the Commanding Officer, Major W. Gibson, and Sergeant-Major L. Saunders. On the right, the Divisional Commander Lt.-Colonel W. Carruthers, the Chief Secretary, Colonel R. Harewood, and Sr.-Major F. Watkin.

The General In Scandinavia

THE Congress gatherings led by the General and Mrs. Orsborn in Norway included a tent meeting in the Frogner Stadium with a program showing the progress of the five branches of Army work in the territory. The General spoke of the grace which triumphs over doubt and discouragement. On the Saturday night he presented Brigadier Martin Fargerlie (R) with the certificate of the Order of the Founder for extraordinary service on behalf of those in prison. Sixty-three seekers were registered.

Sunday's campaign began with a kneedrive attended by 500 people. The General spoke in the holiness meeting of the darkness of the soul caused through disobedience and of the light of God which comes to those who do His will; Mrs. Orsborn's message emphasized the value of small things in good and evil. A fascinating youth display was attended by 3,500 people in the afternoon when glimpses were given of progress made in this work since its inauguration just sixty years ago.

Hundreds were unable to find a place in the great tent for the salvation meeting and listened in ranks three and four deep at the opened tent sides. At 10.20 p.m. the last of the ninety-four seekers registered during the day were kneeling at the Mercy Seat.

Sweden's Congress gatherings continued on Monday afternoon in the Blasieholm's Church, Stockholm, with a holiness meeting. Mrs. Orsborn took the salute at Skansen, the beautiful pleasure ground set high above the city, which was the rallying place for hundreds of Salvationists who arrived there for a musical festival after a sixty min-

utes' march. Other engagements fulfilled by Mrs. Orsborn included three sessions of officers' councils and a meeting for women.

The Chief of the Staff conducted his last weekend meetings in that capacity at Catford, the South London corps at which he has been a soldier since he arrived in England in 1946. A time of especially hallowed influence was the evening meeting in which he called upon his hearers realistically to face the truth about themselves in seeking a vital experience.

COLONEL ARCH R. WIGGINS,

A STRIKING RESPONSE

IN the account of the Commissioning of the "Heralds" cadets at the Massey Hall, Toronto, inadequate mention was made of a striking and unusual feature of this event. The Commissioner invited accepted candidates to the platform at the close and called for others who had heard the call to officer-ship to join them. No fewer than thirty-six new applicants made their way to the platform. Hearts were stirred as they stood and a prayer for God's blessing on their lives of service was made.

A pleasing feature of the Newfoundland Congress was a garden party, arranged in honor of the officer-delegates from all parts of the island, and held at the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Leonard Outerbridge. His Grace and Lady Outerbridge received all the officers personally, and shook hands with them, the Divisional Commander, Lt.-Colonel C. Wiseman, introducing them one by one.

A Temperance Trend

Among Women

A TREND toward temperance among American women was noted by Mrs. D. Leigh Colvin, president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union in the United States.

She said the trend is shown by a drop in the number of women alcoholics committed to mental institutions over the nation and by fewer women drinking in bars during the past four or five years, "since they discovered they are more prone to alcoholism."

"Latest statistics from the National Institute of Mental Health," Mrs. Colvin said, "show a decrease of about seven per cent in women committed to mental institutions and psychiatric wards of general hospitals annually. The numerical drop was from 9,297 in 1949 to 8,714 in 1950."

THE OLD, OLD STORY

In An Old, Old Book

W. E. GLADSTONE, three times prime minister of Britain, declared: "If I am asked what is the remedy for the deeper sorrows of the human heart, what a man should chiefly look to in progress through life as the power that is to sustain him under trials and enable him manfully to confront his afflictions, I must point to something which in a well-known hymn is called 'The Old, Old Story,' told in an old, old Book, and taught with an old, old teaching, which is the greatest and best gift ever given to mankind... Talk about questions of the day, there is but one question, and that is the Gospel. It can and will correct everything that needs correction. My only hope for the world is in bringing the human mind into contact with divine revelation."

Gladstone and other great men experienced God's salvation in their own souls by accepting the Christ as their personal Saviour, and they were blessed with the wisdom which comes from above. If today's statesmen turn to Christ, they will be blessed with a similar wisdom.

AN UNFORTUNATE LOSS

The regrettable news has been received that Captain Lorne Jan-nison has suffered the loss of his right arm. The Captain fell from a ladder some months ago while decorating the hall at Whitney Pier, N.S., fracturing his wrist. Since last March he has been a patient in the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, undergoing plastic surgery in an effort to save the arm. Following this last operation he is reported to be making satisfactory progress and the prayers of all are asked on his behalf.

A CROSS-SECTION OF NEWFOUNDLAND

Visited By Territorial Commander

SAMPLES of typical Newfoundland corps were visited by Commissioner Wm. R. Dalziel and party immediately after congress.

Tuesday evening the party left for Notre Dame junction, a centre an overnight journey north-east of the capital city, the "jumping-off" place for several communities bordering Notre Dame Bay. Cars met the train and conveyed the party to Loon Bay, then a large motor-boat took them to Comfort Cove, Newstead, an hour's sail. Here 1st-Lieut. and Mrs. H. Jennings had arranged a welcome at the docks, and a fine body of young people, consisting of guides, brownies, scouts and cubs were addressed by the Commissioner, who said he was deeply touched by the welcome—one of the most unusual he had experienced anywhere in the world.

The fine, two-storey school was inspected, and the hall—surprisingly large for this small place—was seen.

At a supper attended by the visitors and local officers Mr. Solomon Eveleigh, justice of the peace, spoke words of welcome.

That night, the place was packed, the soldiers sitting on the platform (the custom in this part of Canada) singing and clapping in true Newfoundland style. The Divisional Commander, Lt.-Colonel C. Wiseman, welcomed the Commissioner, who told of his desire to visit some characteristic corps and who commended the comrades on the excellent welcome given the party, and on their fine school and hall.

Testimonies were led by the Lieutenant and, later, Sergt.-Major Watkins, Brigadier H. Wood spoke, Sr.-Captains E. Parr and K. Rawlins played, and the Commissioner gave a helpful address.

The leader's talk emphasized the glorious possibility of certainty in the Christian life. Faith, he said, would take its possessors from the place of "I wonder?" to the place of "I know!" With many vivid illustrations that helped to drive the truth home to the minds of his intent hearers, the Commissioner described the simple yet profound value of the "life of faith". Lt.-Colonel Wiseman led a prayer meeting that could really be called "rousing", and many were under conviction.

Next morning, the party again left by boat, reached Loon Bay in

"PAPER-TOWN" FROM THE AIR

GRAND FALL, Nfld., where large pulp-wood mills turn out paper of a fine quality. The Salvation Army citadel, with flag flying, may be seen in the right foreground.



an hour, were driven to Campbellton—a small settlement grouped on the edge of a lovely inlet, and there, in front of a hall which had a large, silk Army flag flying in the breeze, a warm welcome was accorded, the Commissioner spoke, the Captains played and a prayer was offered.

The same thing happened at Lewisport, another but larger bay community. Here, however, the ample flight of steps leading up to a large, white frame citadel were used as a platform, and a microphone used to convey the speakers' words and the strains of the duetists' music to the comrades and friends below the steps. The divisional commander, before welcoming the Commissioner, mentioned the fact that Major and Mrs. R. Cole were fawelling and Major and Mrs. K. Gill (who were present) were replacing them. The Commissioner again expressed his pleasure at the welcome—at the sight of the smart troops of scouts and guides, brownies and cubs and comrades present, and urged them to continue to let their light shine for God. Afterwards tea was kindly supplied the party by the women's auxiliary before they drove to Bishop's Falls.

Here the impressive, attractive citadel was inspected and once again the party moved on.

At Botwood, the next stop, still another fine large hall was looked over, and the two-storey school next door also examined. It was interesting to note in all the halls visited an inside notice board, announcing the amount of weekly cartridge-giving as well as the

totals of building fund gifts. By this it was seen that the indebtedness on the citadels is being repaid at the rate of—in many cases—\$1,000 per year. The divisional commander explained that the system in vogue throughout Newfoundland is for the local comrades to take full responsibility for the erection and maintenance of the Army properties, and it speaks volumes for the pride the island Salvationists take in their membership in the Army that all halls and schools seen were a credit to any organization. Oftentimes, free labor is given by the comrades in the erection of the buildings, and some give in addition as much as ten dollars per week towards the building funds. As a sample of many Newfoundland corps, it was learned that in Botwood, a dockside town of 5,000 population, there are no fewer than 250 senior and junior soldiers and 750 adherents.

The bands of Botwood and Bishop's Falls, as well as the songster brigade of the first-named corps were on the platform for the meeting at night. Comrades from Peter's Arm, Birch Bay and other surrounding areas also attended, and helped to make up the audience of some 500 that attended the meeting.

Again the divisional commander presented the leader, and he and the rest of the group were given a cordial reception. Soon the Commissioner had the crowd singing—the two bands accompanying—"My heart is fixed on Thee".

The District Officer, Captain A. Pike, of Grand Falls (who had accompanied the party from the beginning of the tour), offered prayer and the Commissioner read a passage of scripture. He told of a visit to the corps when he was chief secretary of the territory eighteen years previously, and said he was glad to meet comrades who had stood faithfully through the years. In this place, as at all others visited, the soprano cornet and piano-acordion duets of Sr.-Captains E. Parr and K. Rawlins were enthusiastically received. Brigadier H. Wood testified and said a few words on the precious name of Jesus. The bands and the local brigade played and sang selections, then the commanding officer, Sr.-Captain G. Hickman, added to the words of welcome given, before the Commissioner took up the Bible for a heart-to-heart talk to those assembled.

Focussing the thoughts of all present on the soul-satisfying aspect of Jesus as the Bread of Life, the speaker showed how that God, realizing the finite nature of man's

mind, and his difficulty in grasping the infinite things of the spiritual world, sent Jesus to mirror his beauty and grace. "He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father, conveyed the idea of Jesus as a mirror of the majesty of God", said the Commissioner. In a world not only of unsaved sinners but of unsatisfied saints Jesus was shown as the Source of true satisfaction—the Bread of Life. The comrades and friends present—who seldom have the inspiration of hearing territorial leaders—drank in the words and were thus drawn nearer to God. The Commissioner led an earnest prayer meeting, when ample opportunity was given to those present to renew their consecration or to seek Christ.

Among those present were two retired veteran officers—Major A. Parsons, who played in the Botwood band—and Commandant A. Brown who, it was revealed, had actually opened the corps when a Lieutenant—nearly sixty years ago when Botwood was a lumber camp district, and the Salvationist had come from Twillingate on snowshoes to hold a meeting with the lumber men.

YET another large hall was filled for the fourth weeknight meeting of the Commissioner's Newfoundland tour, when Grand Falls—"paper town"—was visited. An imposing structure, built on the side of a hill, the citadel flaunted bunting and Army flags to let people know that something unusual was afoot at the Army. Weeknight or Sunday—it seems all the same to these fervent folk, and the body of the large hall was filled with expectant comrades and friends, some of whom had come many miles to hear their leader.

Grand Falls Band is one of the best in the country, and it gave a good account of itself in its accompaniment to the songs and in the other numbers played. The singing group, too, provided a tuneful item.

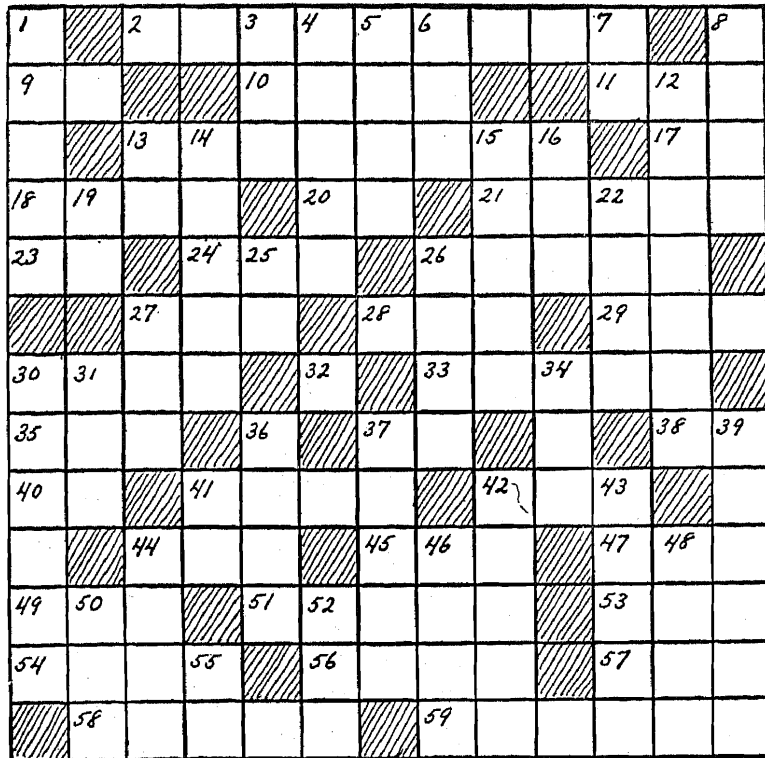
After the divisional commander had introduced the Commissioner and the other members of the party, the leader spoke of his previous visit to the corps—eighteen years before, and of the vast changes that had occurred in the town since those days. He was glad to notice the corps had kept pace with the progress of the town. Then he called on Sr.-Captains Parr and Rawlins to provide one of their sweet and appealing duets (soprano cornet and piano accordion) and this and a further item were given a "big hand". Brigadier H. Wood

(Continued on page 12)



WOMEN'S AUXILIARY members attached to the Hopedale Sunset Lodge, St. John's, Nfld., taken at a farewell function for Sr.-Major Mrs. C. VanRoon when she retired. Mrs. VanRoon (in white) is seated in the centre with Mrs. Lt.-Colonel C. Wiseman on her right. Second on her left is Brigadier A. King, Superintendent of the Home.

BIBLE CROSSWORD PUZZLE



C. W.A.C. C.O

- HORIZONTAL**
- 2 and 13 "of this water shall thirst again" John 4:13
 9 Hebrew deity
 10 "in their hands they shall . . . thee up" Matt. 4:6
 11 Equality (comb. form)
 13 See 2 across
 17 Transpose
 18 "springing up into everlasting . . ." John 4:14
 20 Sunday School
 21 "when they had . . . about five and twenty or thirty furlongs" John 6:19
 23 "I have meat to eat that ye know not . . ." John 4:32
 24 "But . . . hour cometh, and now is" John 4:23
 26 "from whence then hast, thou that living . . ." John 4:11
 27 Bag
 28 "Now Jacob's well . . . there" John 4:6
 29 Lighted
 30 "How is it . . . thou, being a Jew, askest drink?" John 4:9
 32 " . . . that speak unto thee am he" John 4:26
 33 "true worshippers . . . worship the Father" John 4:23
 35 "Sir, I perceive that thou . . . a prophet" John 4:19
 37 Grand Tyler
 38 Plural ending of nouns The (Fr.)
 40 " . . . me to drink" John 4:7
 42 "thou wouldest have asked of . . ." John 4:10
 44 2000 pounds
 45 Royal Scottish Academy
 47 Grandson of Benjamin I Chron. 7:7
 49 Ephesians
 51 " . . . be in him a well of water" John 5:14

Answer to last week's puzzle

A WEEKLY TEST OF BIBLE KNOWLEDGE

E	X	C	E	P	T	A	M	A	N
S	N	R	O	A	R	N	S	O	
A	T	L	A	S		T	H	I	S
B	E	B	O	R	N		A	G	A
T	R	Y	N			T	H	Y	A
A	E	D	K	R	C	T		A	M
H	E	C	A	N	N	O	T	S	E
G	R	T	O		A	H	E	R	D
R	O	O	T		W	A	T	E	R
U		T	H	E		K	I	N	G
L	A	T	A	N	I	A	S		L
E	V	E	N	T		D	R	O	S
R	A	N		O	F	G	O	D	T

- 53 " . . . thou hast nothing to draw with" John 4:11
 54 "and the well is . . ." John 4:11
 56 Silkworm
 57 Final
 58 "good were it for that man if he had . . . been born" Mark 14:21
 59 "Sir, give me this water, that I . . . not" John 4:15
 A saying of Jesus is 2, 13, 24, 26, 30, 32, 33, 41, 42, 51, 58, and 59 combined

VERTICAL
 1 Violoncello

- 3 Japanese sash
 4 Reason
 5 "and he was strong as the . . ." Amos 2:9
 6 "how long will it be . . . they attain to innocency" Hosea 8:5
 7 Japanese measure
 8 "many more believed because of his own . . ." John 4:41
 12 Aseptic
 13 Defender of the Faith
 14 To tat again
 15 Rubbish
 16 "thou art neither cold nor . . ." Rev. 3:15
 19 " . . . thou knewest the gift of God" John 4:10
 22 "our father Jacob,

League Leaders Hold Conference At Sandy Hook Camp, Lake Winnipeg

SANDY Hook, Salvation Army camp, on the shores of Lake Winnipeg, was getting into its stride when the delegates arrived for the Manitoba and North-West Ontario home league leaders' conference, planned and carried through by the Divisional Secretary, Mrs. Brigadier Geo. Hartas. Four days of lovely sunny weather when the smell of the pines and the song of the birds, and congenial surroundings made ideal conditions for such a conference and gave good opportunity for home league instruction.

The Territorial Home League Secretary, Lt.-Colonel A. Fairhurst

which was enjoyable and outstanding in many ways. Mrs. Lawrence's fashion parade and the "keep fit" class were particularly enjoyed.

Following the final meeting when all present received a fresh touch from the Lord, awards were presented to those having excelled in the exhibition of articles made during the camp.

Mrs. Hartas sincerely thanked officers and locals who had co-operated so well thus making for a successful camp. Many expressions of blessing received and fellowship enjoyed were heard from the delegates as they left for home, and the testimonies and prayers witnessed to new resolutions made.

It was most encouraging to see and hear a young mother, present for the first time at such a conference, witness to her conversion and soldiership through attendance at the home league.

During the conference special emphasis was placed on prayer with the theme chorus, "Come beautiful Christ."

Already plans are afoot to make the Toronto Congress women's meeting attractive and different, incorporating new features of interest to all women. Home league members usually form a large portion of the congregation, and as the meeting will probably be held in Cooke's Church, each leaguer planning to attend should decide to take along at least one other person. This bringing of another could be an evangelical effort, and not only swell the enthusiasm and attendance at the meeting but possibly make contact with new members. A special appeal will be made to officers and home leaguers to make an extra effort to increase attendance at the women's meeting. We hope leagues from out-of-town will attend, and that representatives from Hamilton, Mid-Ontario, and London-Windsor Divisions will be there. Why not make a day's outing of it, hiring a bus, arriving by 2.00 p.m. at the church,—and staying for the evening musical festival?

Introducing The New Home League Magazine:

THE CANADIAN HOME LEAGUER

A Sixteen Page Monthly Gazette For All Women — Priced 15 Cents
 Yearly subscription rate \$1.50

THE JULY ISSUE IS NOW OFF THE PRESS

Full of interesting and helpful articles and stories. Do not fail to see and read this new Army periodical.

The Territorial Home League Secretary, 538 Jarvis St., Toronto 5, Ont.

was present, and contributed to the practical and devotional parts of the program bringing mutual pleasure.

Handicraft work was well cared for and included hairpin work, felt slippers, nylon flowers, smocking and sandwich making. The morning devotions were helpful spiritual times, and the forums and discussions of home league topics were challenging.

Mrs. Sr.-Major H. Fisher of Port Arthur well represented the league and assisted in many ways. She also planned and introduced the impromptu Thursday evening program

- which gave us the . . .
 John 4:12
 25 House of Commons
 26 "which art, and . . . and art to come" Rev. 11:17
 27 "wearied with his journey . . . thus on the well" John 4:6
 30 Jesus . . . with the woman of Samaria
 31 Holy Roman Empire
 34 Servant of Solomon Ezra 2:57

- 36 "repentance for the remission of . . ." Luke 3:3
 37 Ancient city south of Gaza Gen. 10:19
 39 "God is a . . ." John 4:24
 41 "And he must needs . . . through Samaria" John 4:4
 42 Place to which a portion of the Israelites were transported by Shalmaneser II Kings

- 17:6
 43 Money hoarder
 44 "he would have given . . . living water" John 4:10
 46 Long cut
 48 Tears
 50 "not with ink and . . . write unto thee" III John 13
 52 "Jesus saith unto . . . Woman, believe me" John 4:21
 55 Post village

Have You Remembered The Salvation Army in Your Will?

SINCE the year 1865 The Salvation Army has demonstrated its effectiveness in dealing with human problems, distress and maladjustments, through its varied and highly-organized network of character-building activities.

The Salvation Army is legally competent to accept bequests. Upon request, information or advice will be furnished by:

Commissioner Wm. R. Dalziel,
 Territorial Commander
 538 Jarvis Street,
 Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada.



HALIFAX CITADEL HOME LEAGUE. (Front row, from the left) Mrs. Sr.-Major A. Moulton; Mrs. Major H. Legge; Divisional Home League Secretary, Mrs. Brigadier C. Warrander; Home League Secretary, Mrs. M. Ward; Home League Treasurer, Mrs. L. George; and Mrs. Sr.-Major D. Ford.

Immersion In The Sea Considered Dangerous

By Our Forbears

BEFORE the middle of the eighteenth century, families who spent a brief interlude on the coast arrived clad in the stuffy and voluminous garments they wore in city streets, and throughout the time kept a respectful distance from the water.

Bathing for pleasure was almost unknown. In any event, water and the skins of our forbears had but a nodding acquaintance, for even a bath at home was an arduous occasion, involving too much fetching and carrying of hot water to make it a frequent occurrence.

It is true that in the reign of James I of England, salt water was considered a cure for mad dog bites, but even a century later most people still considered total immersion in the sea to be a dangerous habit, one great man declaring that he had heard of more drowned by swimming than saved by it!

The battle was won for the sea-side resort when George III took to bathing each summer, turning the little town of Weymouth into a centre of fashion and pleasure.

Troops Accompanied

What a grand day it was when the royal visitor paid his first visit of the year. It was by no means always on a hot summer day. His Majesty knew nothing of the value of sunlight; it was the salt water which would benefit his royal person, so he went shivering into the sea, with the troops drawn up in line, the crowds as near as they were allowed and the patient horse which had drawn his bathing-machine into the sea twitching its ears as the band, shin-deep in the water, sounded for the National Anthem! Those were, indeed, the days!

Many sea-side places began to attract visitors at this time. When the Prince of Wales flocked with friends to Brighton, that little town began to aspire to the chief place among sea side resorts. Indeed, it was the favorite haunt of royalty and, therefore, of fashion until well into the nineteenth century. The pavilion was last used as a royal residence in 1844 when Queen Victoria's children stayed there.

By this time the sea-side holiday habit was firmly established. The attitude of Lord Torrington was no longer shared. He had said: "That

the infirm and upstart should resort to these holes may perhaps be accounted for; but that the healthy owners of parks, good houses and good beds should quit them for confinement, dirt and misery appears to be downright madness."

It is true, of course, that conditions were far from ideal in many boarding-houses at the time when hitherto undisturbed fishing villages were being invaded by large numbers of city dwellers demanding food and beds, and there were, of course, the unscrupulous people who saw in this social change a chance to make quick money with little effort.

A Seasonal Industry

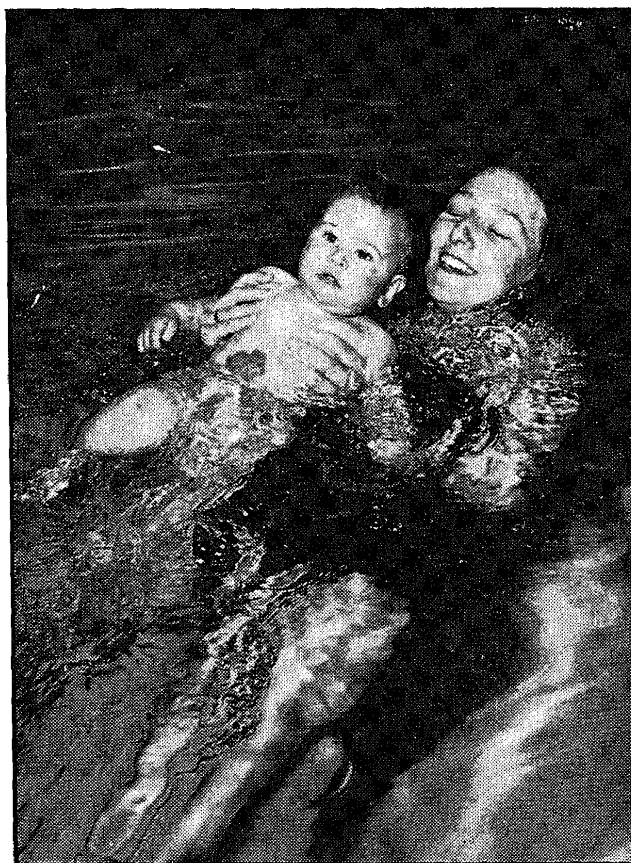
To-day the family wanting a week or two by the sea or lake need have no great fears about accommodation, for in most places this seasonal industry, the care of holiday guests, is carried out with pride, with the object of providing the kind of service which will bring back the visitors another year.

Australian War Cry

You can't measure the value of a thing by the crowd of people around. There are always more people in a five and ten cent store than in a jewelry store. — Vance

A REGULAR WATER BABY

When Mrs. Pitman of London, Eng., decided on having a swim, her eleven-month-old daughter wouldn't rest until her mother took her into the water. Mrs. Pitman is the holder of several cups for swimming and it looks as though her wee daughter has decided to train for a champion ship herself.



A Page of Interest



to Homemakers

SHARE YOUR FAITH WITH OTHERS

By Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Edward Carey

AS is quite usual with Salvation Army families, we had moved to a new location—a typical metropolitan New York suburban community.

Ours was a small, dead-end street of just six houses that face each other like sentinels eternally on watch. After the exploratory street greetings were over and acquaintanceship was started on the road to friendship, I had opportunity to visit those homes.

I was to discover tragedy and trouble, heartache and sorrow, yet at the same time, a firm faith in the rightness of things.

In the end house was a sweet old lady, living out her last few years in an almost helpless condition from a paralytic stroke. She confided that she had been a junior soldier of the Army years before and the lessons she had learned then about the love of God had never been forgotten.

Across the street lived another bedridden woman of advanced years who was broken-hearted because of the drunkenness of her son, but who testified that even in her affliction she found consolation in knowing that Jesus Christ was Friend and Counselor.

Next door was a family with the ready wit and liting brogue that only the Irish possess. But, under the smiles there was anxiety for the husband—a heart disease victim, whose sentence had already been pronounced with only the date of its consummation uncertain. And when that day finally arrived and mother and daughter stood bereft, it was something to sense their faith

that "even in this His grace was sufficient."

On the other side we could see one of our neighbors, who sat by the window each morning and read her prayer book after return from church. She had been deserted by an alcoholic husband years before and worked hard to keep home together and raise her daughters. Now she was "catching up on my praying."

The other house was occupied by a lonely couple whose daughter, a school teacher just starting her career, had died of cancer. They found no answers to their questions, but an assurance that One who had Himself suffered would help them bear this burden of sorrow.

I learned on our little street what a source of comfort and strength sharing faith can be. In our organization we call it "personal testimony."

Wouldn't more such testimony, quietly, unobtrusively, yet positively shared with one's neighbors, be a source of mutual strength, and help make our days a little brighter?

For the sorrows, heartaches and perplexities that are part of every life can be met only by the calm, deep assurances that a vital religious faith may give.

Linen that has been starched often loses much of its stiffness while it is being dried outside on a really windy day. This sometimes means that it has to be restarched. To prevent this, add a spoonful of salt to the original starch and the linen will retain its stiffness and waste will be avoided.

Breakfast Must Provide

Third of Day's Fuel

STENOGRAPHERS and others who traditionally skimp on breakfast in order to save money, time, or their waistline, might do well to bear in mind that the first meal of the day should provide one-third of the day's calorie requirements. Counting the calorie value of food is the way scientists measure the energy-producing quality of what we eat.

Margaret E. Smith, PH.B., M.Sc., nutritionist, has worked out the calorie values in an adequate breakfast for the guidance of all who care about their health and their ability to do a full morning's work. It looks like this:— $\frac{1}{2}$ grapefruit or 1 medium-sized orange or one eight ounce glass of orange or grapefruit juice (double the amount of tomato juice) 100 calories, 2 slices of bacon 105 calories, 1 egg 70 calories, 2 tablespoons of 18 per cent cream 57 calories, 2 teaspoons of sugar 40 calories, 1 glass (8-10 oz.) of milk 175 calories, 2 teaspoons of butter 72 calories, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of whole grain cooked cereal 110 calories, 2 slices of whole grain bread 157 calories. Total 886 calories.

It can be seen that by omitting the egg seventy calories will be lost; and by leaving out both bacon and egg 175 calories.

"The breakfast of a balanced diet should contain this supply of the fuel foods to give us enough energy to enable us to do our jobs properly," declares Miss Smith. "This breakfast also contains some of the minerals, or regulating foods; vitamins, or protective foods, and small amounts of proteins for the growth, upkeep and repair of body tissues."

A NOTABLE WOMAN

Founded First Christian Hospital

SABIOLA was a Christian gentlewoman of Rome in the fourth century. She is credited with founding the first public hospital in western Europe. After her conversion to the Christian faith she worked closely with Jerome, and devoted her immense wealth and energy to the church. A woman of great learning, she knew Hebrew and Greek as well as Latin, studying the Scriptures under the guidance of Jerome himself, whom she followed to Jerusalem.

Messengers of God's Promise



HOW wondrously beautiful are violets—little silent messengers of God's marvellous promise: "While the earth remaineth, spring-time (or seedtime) and harvest."

Perhaps they are cosily snuggled in some quiet nook of our garden, faces glowing with His reflection, and their perfume drifts to us on a golden sunbeam.

Our lives should be like the violets. We should let our smile cast its beam in some troubled heart and the sweet fragrance of our life enrich the heart's soil where a seed of love has been sown for God's harvesting. The violet lifts its head in adoration to the sun for strength; why not we lift our frail soul to the Son of Righteousness for His ever loving strength and power?—Silver Spurs.

A CROSS-SECTION OF NEWFOUNDLAND

(Continued from page 9)

spoke, using a visit to the paper mill made the same day as an illustration of spiritual things.

Again the Commissioner proved an able exponent of the Word. Although this was the fourteenth of a series of meetings he had led during the beginning of the Newfoundland congress, his mind was as fresh as ever, and his desire to bless his comrades as urgent as at the commencement. For an audience composed in the main of Christians, he could not have chosen a better subject—the fruits of the Spirit, and his audience listened closely as he revealed that the secret of joy, peace, longsuffering, goodness and the rest of the qualities of holiness are not “worked up” or “hammered out” but are all the outcome of LOVE. The heart that is fully surrendered to the love of God cannot help but give forth the fra-

West (Major and Mrs. B. Hallett) was preceded by a march of members of the Loyal Orange Association and the Society of United Fishermen, and the night meeting at the same building saw eleven seekers at the Mercy Seat. At night, also, Brigadier H. Wood—a member of the visiting party—led on at Corner Brook East, and had the joy of seeing three young persons seek Christ.

The morning holiness meeting was launched by a heart-warming song led by the Divisional Commander, Lt.-Colonel C. Wiseman, then, following prayer the Commissioner spoke of his former visit to the corps, many years before, urging his audience not to be afraid of the blessing of holiness, but to appropriate boldly what God intended His people to possess. He read a scripture portion and called upon Sr.-

present for a deeper, fuller experience of full salvation. He reminded his comrades of something many of them admitted inwardly was all too true—that holiness was merely a wistful longing—one that had never reached its fulfilment then, unfolding his subject by the aid of many gripping stories from his own experience, he led his hearers on step by step up to the mountain peak of spiritual attainment. He himself led the prayer meeting and, one by one—some with tears—Salvationists or friends yielded to the strivings of the Spirit, and made a full surrender.

Corner Brook West corps citadel is situated on a hill overlooking the town and bay, and it was a heartening sight to see—from a vantage point near the hall, the long parade of lodgemen and women, headed by the united bands of both corps. The large building was packed—ground floor, platform, and gallery for the citizens' rally, and even the young people's hall downstairs was half filled with an “overflow” crowd who heard the meeting by means of a P.A. system.

The “Ode to Newfoundland” began the proceedings, prayer was offered by Sr.-Captain Rawlins, Brigadier Wood read the Bible portion and the divisional commander welcomed the Orangemen and the members of the Fisherman's Union then introduced the Commissioner.

The singing company of this corps is one of the best in the territory—its full strength being eighty-five. Most of the members were present, and sang a tuneful number. The Citadel Band played a lilting march and the two Captains a spirited duet.

It was not the usual lecture on Army operations that the leader gave, but a straight talk from the Word of God—one that commended itself to the audience of religious-minded men and women.

Taking one of Paul's trenchant statements and applying it to twentieth century conditions, the Commissioner showed how life was to be viewed in its proper perspective, and God's gifts used in their rightful place and manner. To an audience that consisted largely of workmen, it was natural that the speaker's insistence that Christianity and good citizenship demanded thorough workmanship, would appeal and find a response. The idea

TERRITORIAL SITES.....

Ottawa citadel band took part in a divine service held recently in Lansdowne Park, Ottawa. Sr.-Major J. Bond offered the closing prayer.

Mrs. Commandant W. Bradbury (R), Toronto, recently passed her 85th birthday. This veteran comrade has been a shut-in for the past few years but is still bright and cheerful.

Mrs. Brigadier L. Pay (R), of Santa Monica, and Major E. Langdon (R), of Toronto, express their appreciation for the messages of sympathy received in connection with the promotion to Glory of their sister, Sister Mrs. Bessie Sowerby, of Earlscourt.

Many friends of Major Annie Hogarth, formerly of the Hedge-wood Home, Kingston, will remember her in prayer as she receives what might mean many months' treatment for rheumatoid arthritis. Her address is The Queen Elizabeth Hospital, 130 Dunn Avenue, Toronto.

Oakville Corps has recently organized a band with instruments for four of the nine players. The Commanding Officer, 2nd-Lieut. R. Dark, 29 Dundas Street, Oakville, Ont., would appreciate gifts of five second-hand instruments to complete the band.

of “playing the game” in all of life's relationships also found an echo in many a heart—for many present were familiar with the tenets of “sportsmanship”. The packed audience listened with rapt attention, or responded with laughter when the illustration—as it often did—was presented in a humorous way, and it was plain that an impact for God and righteousness had been made.

Again the hall was crowded for the salvation meeting at night, and from the start, the influence of the Holy Spirit could be felt. The divisional commander led the congregation in a rousing song, Sr.-Captain E. Parr offered prayer and after a Bible reading he and Sr.-Captain Rawlins played “Softly and Tenderly, Jesus is calling.” Sr.-Captain Parr also gave a helpful testimony. The Citadel Band and Songster Brigade made valuable contributions to the spirit of the meeting before the Commissioner gave the final message of the tour.

Speaking with great earnestness, the leader painted a solemn word-picture of the Day of Judgment, laying stress on the divine books that will figure in those Great Assizes. Three of these books—memory, influence and deeds were vividly portrayed. Many a conscience must have been stirred as the speaker laid bare the secrets of man's heart, and showed that his inmost thoughts were being faithfully recorded day by day, no matter how hidden the person deemed them to be. The gates of the New Jerusalem were also used to convey many powerful spiritual lessons, and conviction was evident on many faces. In a lengthy, well-sustained prayer meeting—led first by the Commissioner then by the divisional commander—seekers began rising and making their way to the Mercy-Seat, amid fervent singing, clapping and praying, until eleven had knelt and accepted Christ.

Finally, Lt.-Colonel Wiseman expressed thanks to the leader and the other members of the group for their efforts during their eleven-day intensive campaign, and was sure that the results—in soul-saving and in encouragement to officers and soldiery—would more than justify the sacrifices made and the efforts put forth by the Commissioner.



A MERCHANT'S GENEROUS GIFT OF SPACE

WINDOW DISPLAY for the Red Shield Appeal at Maple Creek, Sask., arranged by the former Commanding Officer Captain Lorraine Rhodes. This corps was the first in the division to exceed its quota, and the third in the territory to do so.

grance of a gracious, winsome life. During the prayer meeting, in which again the leader pleaded for those present to go in for all God had in store for them, undoubtedly many secret resolves were made to serve God more fully.

Others who took part in the meeting were the Commanding Officer, Captain A. Pike, and Major C. Brooks, of Windsor. Rev. Mr. Patterson, local Presbyterian minister, sat on the platform.

AFTER a 175-mile car journey from Grand Falls, Nfld., a full Sunday was put in by Commissioner Wm. R. Dalziel and party—three well-attended meetings being conducted at the west coast town of Corner Brook. The first was held at Corner Brook East (Major and Mrs. H. Pilgrim) when the theme of holiness was emphasized, hearts were stirred and seven souls surrendered. The afternoon citizen's rally, held at Corner Brook

Captains E. Parr and K. Rawlins for one of their duets—this one being a succession of beautiful holiness tunes.

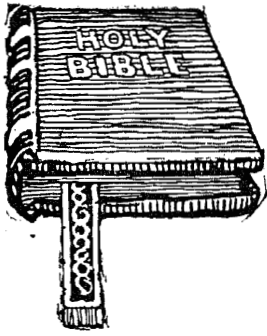
Opening his Bible at Paul's stirring appeal to the Roman Christians to make a full presentation of all their bodily powers to God in a live sacrifice, the Commissioner—by the aid of the Holy Spirit—created a longing in the breasts of many



LOADED WITH DELICACIES to give to the patients of one of the largest mental hospitals in Canada. The Lisgar Street (Toronto) comrades, led by Sister Mrs. Browning, who has regularly visited the institution for years, about to begin their rounds. Major and Mrs. V. Maclean, Lisgar's corps officers, are seen in the group.

Major Virginia Mercer (R)

AS the War Cry goes to press news comes to hand that Major Virginia Mercer (R) has been promoted to Glory from Hamilton, Ont. The Major was born in Newfoundland, and entered the Army work in 1906. For thirty-three years she served faithfully as a field officer, chiefly in Ontario, sometimes assisting her brother, Major James Mercer (R), when Mrs. Mercer's ill-health prevented her from fulfilling her duties. Prior to her retirement in 1940, the Major served in women's social appointments in Toronto and Regina. The Major lived in retirement with her brother and Mrs. Mercer. Further particulars in a later issue.



The Bandsmen's Bible Class

IN CORPS WHERE A BIBLE CLASS FOR BANDSMEN OPERATES, ITS EFFECT IS SEEN IN THE BANDSMEN'S ABILITY TO TESTIFY IN THE OPEN-AIR AND INDOORS, AND IN THEIR BRIGHT, SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE.

“WHAT has the Bible to say about brass banding anyway? If it has anything to say, who says it?” He sounded more than a little querulous and, although his remark was not addressed to me, I felt inclined to jump in on the defensive; but there was something about him that suggested a genuine inquiry prompting a different approach.

One point is that the Bible was written by prophets and peasants, patriarchs and poets, kings and commoners, and whenever men talk to men one can expect plain speaking. Niceties and high-sounding phrases have a certain value in politics or car salesmanship, but in matters of inner experiences, where men are grappling with moral problems in their world of business, pleasure and social activities, only the sincere qualities of truth will prove sufficient. We are living in a point of our history which demands clarity of thinking and forthright statement; it is this art of statement, this “straight-from-the-shoulder punch,” that appeals to me in the Bible.

The Word Gives Understanding

“With all thy getting, get understanding,” is one of the Bible's many maxims. A man without understanding, plus a brass instrument, might well be classified as a menace! Knowledge is not sufficient.

For example: When the band knows the movements of its latest piece—and likes it—there is every likelihood of it “going to town” and taking the bandmaster with it! Unless he is willing to join forces with the leader who once said, “There go my people; I must follow them,” he will need to stop their flight and make them understanding as well as knowledgeable. Of course, a man may know how to do a thing without understanding its implications.

The Bible can show a man how to fulfil his promise. To see an instrumentalist make up to his instru-

ment and poise with all the promise of big business, and then discover that the sum total of such effort is a weak, whimpering wheeze, that creeps apologetically from the bell, is a travesty of all that banding implies.

There is little else more damaging to the individual and, of course, the wider interests of the band and the Kingdom of God, than such a make-believe man. If we are making a claim to be anything, it is imperative that our performance matches our profession. So, too, with living. Unless we are prepared to know and exhibit those qualities born of understanding, that make

for high-level living, we shall reveal a very shallow type of individual. Only the man who understands the message and the music can help people who are feeling an uncertain way through the frustrations of this busy world. Music minus the message is a paradox of damning consequences.

Banding as an end in itself, for the sole enjoyment of the player, is like boiling porridge in a golden saucepan, studded with diamonds. It should not be done. The little man who was called to task for disregarding the dynamics and playing fortissimo where pianissimo was indicated replied, “Pianissimo, be

WE CANNOT ALL BE SOLOISTS

THERE is no excuse for any members of the songster brigade to sing out of tune, unless they are deaf, and then, alas, they should not be in the songster brigade at all.

Normal songsters have no excuse for singing out of tune.

You start your song in tune, because you hear the organ and that gives you the pitch; you keep in tune by listening, concentrating and using your voice properly. All these things can be done by you, whether you have the gift of a lovely voice or not.

If you read “The Musician” regularly, as songsters should, you will have no excuse for not knowing how to produce your voice correctly; as for listening and concentrating—there are two things we can all do if only we will form the habit. We cannot all be soloists—indeed, that is just what we must not be when we are singing in a brigade—but, with thought and perseverance, we can all make the best use of what voice we have been given.

Just a word of warning to the soloists: it may be difficult for you to merge your voice with those of the rest of the brigade, but you certainly must do so. In choral work, one voice should not be distinguishable from another.

“Good singing is fifty per cent voice, fifty per cent brain,” I heard an experienced musician tell his choir the other day. There certainly is a lot of truth in it. It is possible to learn a song so well that it can be performed automatically—I use the word “performed” in preference to “sung” because such a performance is not singing.

Yet a certain amount of rehearsal is needed, and it is a good thing to have learnt a song from memory. But this doesn't alter the case against automatic singing. Your imagination is the answer to the problem. If it is keen and alive, it will enable you to sing each song with a “first-time” freshness which will make the music live.

THE MUSICIAN



blowed, I'm here to enjoy myself,” was evidencing a total lack of understanding and we write him off. Yet, in the final analysis, to play to perfection without a corresponding line-up in living is knowing without a complete understanding.

“With all thy getting, get understanding,” is a verse from the Bible that we would do well to take as a life motto, for this will include our instrument, our music and our public. Our composers have helped us to connect the Bible with banding and “blowing” with the Beatitudes.

“O God, whose music fills the universe, help me to make mine that it might serve Thy purposes.”

The Musician, London

COBALT'S HALF CENTURY

WITH Cobalt, Ont., Corps (1st-Lieut. B. Craddock, 2nd-Lieut. D. Cassell), celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, The Salvation Army in this small mining camp enjoyed a visit from the North Bay Band. On Saturday evening, prior to the program in the Cobalt Community Hall, the bandsmen were the guests at a civic reception, when the mayor and councillors welcomed them to the town. Mr. R. Herbert, the local member of the Provincial Parliament, was the chairman for the program which followed.

Envoy and Mrs. W. Clarke, who accompanied the band, took part in the weekend meetings. The envoy blessed the audience with his singing and musical ability.

Sunday morning the band played outside the Haileybury Hospital with all those patients who could do so listening at the windows.

The afternoon praise meeting was led by Captain Margaret Green and 2nd-Lieut. Joan Perry, in charge of the field unit, who had just completed a series of meetings in Kapuskasing. Both holiness and salvation meetings were conducted by Envoy and Mrs. W. Clarke.

A musical festival was held in the Community Arena after the salvation meeting. The band marched from the hall to the arena where they presented the festival in conjunction with the Cobalt United Church Junior Choir. Over 1,000 people were present.

WESTERN STALWARTS OF THE NINETIES



SIX CORNETS, drums, cymbals, an auto-harp, a bass violin, a concertina, and a guitar comprised Calgary's band in the early days.

FOR SALE: Wheatstone English Concertina, forty-eight keys, seven bellows, silver-plated ends; perfect condition in brown leather case. \$100. Apply to Envoy John Berkhoudt, c/o The Salvation Army, 9 High St., Buffalo, N.Y.

Official Gazette

International Headquarters

APPOINTMENTS—

To be Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lt.-Commissioner William Clay.
To be Director of The Campfield Press, Colonel John Wainwright.
Finland: Lieut.-Colonel Gosta Blomberg to be Chief Secretary.
To be Chief Secretary, Salvationist Publishing and Supplies, Ltd., Colonel William Carter.

EDGAR DIBDEN
Chief of the Staff

Territorial Headquarters

PROMOTIONS—

To be Captain: First Lieutenant Raymond Pond.
To be First Lieutenants: Second Lieutenants Pearl Pond, Hayward Noseworthy, Alec Anthony, George Cave, Baxter Davis, Herbert Snelgrove.

APPOINTMENTS—

Senior Majors John Matthews Fort William Hostel and Industrial Centre (Superintendent); Mehitabel Abbott Salt Pond; Reuben Decker, Twillingate; Samuel Wight, Gander.
Majors Kenneth Gill, Lewisporte; Cecil Patey, Clarendville; Olive Peach, Hant's Harbour.

Senior Captains George Earle, Bonavista; George Noble, Green's Harbour; Ernest Pretty, Bay Roberts; Alpheaus Russell, Peter's Arm.

Captains William Boone, La Scie; Linda Calloway, Hant's Harbour; Harold Cull, Channel; Enos Darby, Spiritual Special; Georgie Douglas, Baie Verte; Eva Duffett, Norris Arm; Winifred French, St. Anthony Bight; Josie Lush, Elliston; Leonard Monk, Roddickton; Samuel Moore, Mundy Pond; Edward Necho, Catalina; Raymond Pond, Fortune; Eva Snow, Greenspond; Otto Tucker, Gambo; Clara Thompson, Children's Home, Calgary (Office); Rita Pelley, Glenbrook Home, St. John's Nfld.

First Lieutenants Alec Anthony, Seal Cove (Fortune Bay); Neville Butler, Chance Cove; George Cave, Charlottetown, Nfld.; Baxter Davis, Summerford; Vera Dicks, Hickman's Harbour; Nellie Duffney, Card's Harbour Outpost; Olive Feltham, Creston; Ruth Fudge, St. Anthony; Alton Haggett, Horwood; Fred Hickman, Campbellton; Hayward Noseworthy, Griquet; Frederick Roberts, Monkstown; Herbert Snelgrove, Corner Brook East; William Stoodley, Glovertown; Stanley Thorne, Wellington.

Second Lieutenants Evelyn Howell, Winterton; Aubrey and Annie Barfoot, Little Bay Islands; Marjorie George, Sunset Lodge, Winnipeg; Ingeborg Boed, Buchanan Sunset Lodge, New Westminster; Lloyd Brinson, Herring Neck; Henry Budgett, Moreton's Harbour; Verna Barry, Musgrave town; Winnie Crann, Carter's Cove; Blanche Douglas, Greenspond; Mildred George, Hamden Outpost; Rodger Hobbs, Twillingate; Hedley Ivany, Change Islands; Ivy Morey, Mundy Pond; Maisie Moulard, South Dildo; Ambrose Newbury, Campbellton, Nfld.; William Norman, Long Pond; Lillian Porter, Exploits; Barbara Richards, Glovertown; Albert Sheppard, Main Brook Outpost; Hazel Taylor, New Chelsea; Maisie Wareham, Lushes Bight; Alwyn Way, Chance Cove.

Probationary Lieutenants Alreta Best, Jackson's Cove; Faith Bursey, Baie Verte; Gladys Froude, Cottle's Island; Lucy Goulding, Hopedale Sunset Lodge, St. John's; Samuel Gullage, Leading Tickles; Ruby Hunt, Cottrell's Cove; Meta Keats, Salt Pond; Harvey Locke, Whitbourne; Ruby Rideout, Norris Arm; Evelyn Stuckey, Winterton; Mabel Watkins, Little Burnt Bay; Loretta Way, Birch Bay; Charles Woodland, Rocky Harbour.

Cadet-Sergeants Gilbert Fowler, Doris Reid.

ADMITTED TO THE LONG SERVICE ORDER—

Major Florence Thornton, Major Cecil Patey, Mrs. Sr.-Captain G. Hickman, Mrs. Sr.-Captain George Noble.

MARRIAGES—

Second Lieutenant Carson Janes, out of Saint John Citadel on June 25, 1951, now stationed at Sussex, N.B., to Second Lieutenant Ida Reynolds, out of Saint John Citadel on June 23, 1952, and last stationed at Picton N.S., on July 8, 1953, at Saint John Citadel, by Brigadier Cornelius Knaap.

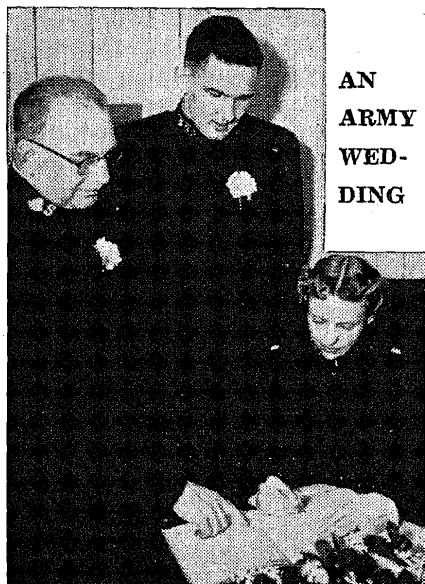
Second Lieutenant Harold Thornhill, out of North Sydney, N.S., on June 25, 1951, now stationed at Nelson, B.C., to Second Lieutenant Evangeline Lamb, out of Grandview, Vancouver on June 25, 1951, and last stationed at Penticton, B.C., on July 8, 1953, at Vancouver Temple by Second Lieutenant John Lamb.

Second Lieutenant Frederick Mills, out of Parry Sound, Ontario, on June 25, 1951, now stationed at Canyon City, British Columbia, to Second Lieutenant Doreen Stanway, out of Brockville, Ontario, on June 23, 1952, and last stationed at Kitselas, British Columbia, on July 11, 1953, at Brockville, Ontario, by Sr.-Major J. H. Mills.

[Signature]
Commissioner



A COMMITTEE OF PROMINENT BUSINESS MEN at Brantford, Ont., who have just concluded a successful financial appeal for a new citadel in the Telephone City. The total raised was \$100,000, which constitutes a record for per capita giving for a city of this size in Canada. Back row (left to right): Mr. Lloyd Digby; Mr. Robt. Ireland; Mr. Joe Ludlow; Major B. Dumerton, Campaign Director; Mr. Norman Moore, General Chairman. Front row: Mr. Joe T. Cockshutt; Mr. Ross Beckett; Mr. Peter Lyon; Major B. Meakings, Commanding Officer.



AN
ARMY
WED-
DING

Songster Shirley Grace Walker and Bandsman Douglas Hindy were united in marriage at Lisgar St. Corps, Toronto, by Brigadier A. Cameron.

Songster Doreen Walker was maid of honor, and bridesmaids were Songsters Muriel Pulford and Marie Timberlake. Mrs. Sr.-Captain Rawlins sang, and Sr.-Captain K. Rawlins supplied wedding music. Sr.-Major T. Murray presided at the reception.

BY THE SEA Picnic Pleasures At The Pacific

New Westminster, B.C., (Major and Mrs. I. Halsey). Now that holiday-time is here, we have been happy to welcome a number of visitors to our corps. The annual picnic was a time of great enjoyment to the large crowd of children and adults who spent the day by the sea.

God's blessing was upon the meetings last Sunday. Lieutenant W. Brown was welcomed home and led a bright testimony period in the salvation meeting. A duet by songster Mrs. Innes and Mrs. Prowse was enjoyed, and Mrs. Major Halsey gave a thought-provoking message on "Awake thou that sleepest".

During the prayer-meeting two sisters knelt at the altar seeking the Lord.

COMRADES WELCOMED From East And West

Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. R. Raymer conducted meetings at Wychwood (Major and Mrs. A. Rawlins) on Sunday morning and evening. Their messages were uplifting and helpful. During the evening meeting a hearty welcome was given to Major Mrs. Wright, recently transferred from Winnipeg to Toronto. Sr.-Major and Mrs. C. Godden were also welcomed home after spending some time in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island in connection with the Red Shield Appeal.

Bandmasters!

Many Canadians can still recall the thrill of listening to the majesty of tone which was produced by the International Staff Band.

Torontonians will remember the moment when the Staff Band, standing on the steps of the city hall, surrounded by local bands, Salvationists and friends, commenced to play the opening measures of "O Canada". It is something to remember! This stirring Canadian anthem made inroads to our emotions in a new way. Was it the band—or the musical arrangement? Perhaps a combination of both!

We are unable to divulge the secret of the Staff Band's beautiful tone—it belongs to no other, but we can supply you with the music which was used on that occasion.

It was arranged by Colonel Bramwell Coles, a master in musical design, and a dealer in quality presentations, a fact which speaks for itself.

"O CANADA"

ARRANGED BY COLONEL BRAMWELL COLES

IN TWO SETS

Large Set, including Conductor's Copy and 50 parts — \$2.75

Smaller Set including Conductor's Copy and 25 parts — \$1.50

SEND FOR YOUR SET NOW!

The Trade Dept, 20 Albert St., Toronto 1, Ont.

COMING EVENTS

Commissioner Wm. R. Dalziel

Toronto: Fri Aug 28 (Opening of The Salvation Army display, Services Building, Canadian National Exhibition) 7.30 p.m.

Charlottetown: Sat-Sun Sept 5-6
Toronto Temple: Sat-Mon Sept 12-14
Simcoe: Sat-Sun Sept 19-20
Winnipeg Congress: (Manitoba and Saskatchewan) Thurs-Tues Sept 24-29

The Chief Secretary

COLONEL R. HAREWOOD

London: Sat-Mon Sept 12-14

The Field Secretary

COLONEL G. BEST

Prince Rupert: Wed-Mon Aug 26-31 (Native Congress)

Canyon City: Tues Sept 1
Hazelton, Glen Vowell: Thurs Sept 3
Prince George: Fri-Sun Sept 4-6

Lt.-Colonel A. Fairhurst: British Columbia South Division: Wed-Mon Aug 5-10

Territorial Team of Evangelists

Jackson's Point: Aug 7-16
Port Dover: Aug 21-30
Port Arthur and Fort William: Sept 4-14
Kenora: Sept 18-23
Winnipeg Congress: Sept 24-29
Brandon: Oct 2-12

Brigadier W. Cornick

Burin: Aug 2-9
Creston: Aug 11-17
Garnish: Aug 19-26
Grand Bank: Aug 28-Sept 6
Fortune: Sept 9-15
Seal Cove: Sept 18-27

Travelling?

OCEAN PASSAGE ARRANGED
TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

Passports Secured

Passengers Met at Railway Depots
and Steamship Docks

Minimum Rates—Maximum Service

The Salvation Army Immigration
and Travel Department, 538 Jarvis
Street, Toronto, Ont., phone PR.
2563; 1620 Notre Dame W., Mont-
real, Que., phone Fitzroy 7425; or
301 Hastings St. E., Vancouver,
B.C., phone Hastings 5328-L.

We Miss You

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend and, so far as is possible assist anyone in difficulty.

Two dollars should, where possible, be sent with inquiry to help defray expenses.

Address all communications to the Men's Social Service Secretary, 538 Jarvis Street, Toronto 5, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

BAIRD, Ronald Robert Wallace: Born at Blyth, Ontario in 1930; rather short; has blue eyes; fair hair; wears splint on left leg. Brother James anxious. 11-012

FORREST, Mary: Born in Scotland about 60 years ago; medium height; blue eyes; black hair; sister in Nanawee, Ontario, seeks. 11-024

LITTLE, Mervyn John: Born in Ontario about 50 years ago; very tall; of slight build; brown eyes; curly, brown hair; wears glasses; school-teacher; wife and child seek. 10-894

SMITH, James Kerr: Born in Kilmar-nock, Br. Isles, in 1922; average height; fair hair; blue eyes worked on farm in Ontario. Mother seeks. 10-944

THE WAR CRY

Official organ of The Salvation Army in Canada and Bermuda. William Booth, Founder; Albert Orsborn, General; William R. Dalziel, Territorial Commander. International Headquarters, Denmark Hill, London; Territorial Headquarters, 538 Jarvis Street, Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry, including the special Easter and Christmas issues, will be mailed each week for one year to any address in Canada or the United States for \$5.00 prepaid.

NEWFOUNDLAND NEWS

Doting Cove (Major and Mrs. W. Watts). The laying of the corner stone for the new citadel took place recently when a large number of children and adults headed by the band marched to the site where construction had already begun. After the singing of the song "O God our Help in Ages Past" the stone was presented by Bandmaster Walter Cuff as on behalf of the band.

Major Watts dedicated the stone to "The Glory of God and the Salvation of the people," and the ceremony closed with the National Anthem, following which the band supplied the music for the mass parade around the community. Lunch was served in The Salvation Army and United Church schools.

Under the leadership of the Divisional Home League Secretary, Mrs. Lt.-Colonel C. Wiseman, the Grand Falls Home League rally proved a success. Members from four corps united at Grand Falls and spent a profitable time together. The afternoon session opened with a song led by Mrs. Captain A. Pike of Grand Falls, prayer was offered by Mrs. Major C. Brooks of Windsor and Mrs. Captain R. Hickman of Botwood read the scripture. Mrs. H. P. Hiscock of Grand Falls extended a welcome to the delegates and the divisional secretary in a very fitting manner before Captain Pelley of Peter's Arm led in a song.

Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Wiseman gave a very inspiring address in which she emphasized the priceless opportunity of mothers as queens of the home, urging all to consecrate themselves to the high calling of building better homes. She then offered a special prayer for the Queen, after which the session concluded with the National Anthem. The night session consisted of sketches by all the participating Home Leagues.

AGED MEN ENJOY HOME

Major Colin Campbell (R), who is residing for a short period in the Montreal Eventide Home for Men, has sent the following report:

Brigadier and Mrs. W. Bexton have just celebrated their fifth anniversary in charge of the Home. During this time many improvements have been made. The rooms have been redecorated and the floors covered with beautiful colored tile. There are seven acres of land, mostly planted and cared for by some of the men, nice flowers and a few fruit trees.

At present there are forty-three aged men in the Home; the oldest is ninety-three years old.

There are twenty-two nicely furnished bedrooms; two single beds in a room. The main sitting room is quite large, the floor covered with an Axminster rug, and a desk-table, a piano and a radio. Just recently the Montreal West Rotary Club presented the Home with a television set, which is greatly appreciated by the men.

The Sunday morning meetings are most interesting and well attended. The song service is enjoyable and lately a soldier from the Montreal Citadel Corps, Mrs. Clifford James, has accompanied the singing on the piano—which has improved the singing.

I, myself, have taken part in the meetings, singing a solo and giving my testimony.

CORPS CADET WITNESS

Midland, Ont. (Captain and Mrs. T. Bell). Corps Cadet Sunday was observed recently. Suitable messages were given in the holiness and salvation meetings. In the company meeting Candidate D. Church and Corps Cadets June Church and Maryanne Wheeler were the speakers.

The Cross Exchanged For The Crown

RETIRED TREASURER MRS. TUCKER

Danforth Corps, Toronto

The corps has sustained a loss in the passing of a faithful hard working local officer of many years' service. Her life was a blessing, and she made many sacrifices through the years that His cause might be furthered. Though in failing health, the promoted comrade came to the meetings whenever she had strength.

The funeral service was conducted by the Commanding Officer, Major Wm. Gibson, and a tribute was paid to her memory by Mrs. Lt.-Colonel R. Raymer (R), a friend and comrade of many years. Brigadier J. Wells, a former corps officer, prayed, and Mrs. Colonel G. Best took part in the service. Sincere sympathy is offered to her daughter, Sr.-Major Myrtle Tucker, of Sunset Lodge, Toronto.

RETIRED BANDMASTER D. COLLINS

Barton Street, Hamilton

After over forty years of faithful soldiery in the corps, Retired-

Bandmaster David Collins was recently promoted to Glory. The departed comrade was born in England and organized the corps band when he became a soldier of the Barton Street Corps. During the First World War, he served overseas with the 173rd Battalion.

The funeral services were conducted by the Divisional Young People's Secretary, Sr.-Major L. Evenden, assisted by Major J. Mercer (R). Sister Mrs. Reynolds sang a solo entitled, "Some day we'll understand."

His wife, three sons, David, Edward and Leslie, and two daughters, Edith, (Mrs. G. Skinner), and Sr.-Major Laura Collins of Galt, mourn the loss of a beloved husband and father.

BROTHER J. LONGHURST St. Catharines, Ont.

A faithful soldier of the corps, Brother John Longhurst, was recently promoted to Glory at the age of seventy-five years. The promoted comrade was a lifetime Salvationist and has been a soldier of the corps since his transfer from Gil-

ingham, Kent, Corps, England, thirty-five years ago.

The funeral was conducted by the Commanding Officer, Sr.-Captain H. Sharp. A favorite song of the departed warrior, "The Old Rugged Cross," was sung by Songster Mrs. E. Gillingham.

CORPS SERGEANT-MAJOR R. WINCHESTER

Brinley Street, Saint John, N.B.

After nearly fifty years of faithful service as a Salvationist, Corps Sgt.-Major Robert Winchester was called to his eternal Reward. The promoted warrior served forty-five years as a local officer and relinquished his duties only in recent months when a prolonged illness made it possible to attend the meetings.

The funeral was conducted by the Commanding Officer, Captain R. Hammond. The Saint John Citadel Band provided the musical accompaniment for the singing. Brother F. Crozier paid a tribute on behalf of the corps. Major H. Honeychurch of the Citadel corps sang, "Good-night here and Good-morning up there."

In the memorial service on the following Sunday, the Divisional Commander, Brigadier C. Knaap, paid a tribute to the service of the promoted comrade as treasurer and sergeant-major in the corps.

His wife and two sons mourn the loss of a devoted husband and father. 2nd-Lieut J. Winchester of Moncton is a grandson.

REHABILITATION CENTRE ANNIVERSARY

The Publicity and Special Efforts Secretary, Major A. Brown, conducted the fourth anniversary celebrations of the Men's Social and Rehabilitation Centre, Montreal, recently. After a supper to which the city officers were invited, a program arranged by the Superintendent and Mrs. Brigadier S. Joyce, was enjoyed. During the meeting greetings were read from various Army and civic leaders.

The Sunday morning meeting was held in the Centre chapel when Major Brown gave a challenging and inspiring message. In the salvation meeting, held in the Montreal Citadel (Sr.-Major and Mrs. C. Sim), the testimonies of many converts aroused a desire for a closer walk with God. Retired Songster Leader A. McMillan prayed, and in the prayer-meeting which followed the Major's message, decisions for Christ were made.

During the weekend Brigadier and Mrs. Joyce were assisted by Sr.-Major and Mrs. F. Howlett and Captain and Mrs. J. Fayter.

TWINS DEDICATED

West Toronto Corps, (Brigadier and Mrs. B. Jones) was the scene on a recent Sunday morning of the dedication of the twin daughters of Brother and Sister Arthur Medler.

The opening prayer was offered by Brigadier F. MacGillivray who prayed God's blessing upon the parents, the children, and that there would be a dedication of the hearts of all.

The service was conducted jointly by Brigadier Jones and Mrs. Sr.-Captain B. Bernat, who respectively dedicated Myrtle Medler and her sister Marguerite. Prayer was offered by Mrs. Brigadier Jones. The songsters impressively sang the selection, "I think when I read that sweet Story of old," and the Band rendered the song, "When he cometh to make up His jewels."

If some people knew as much as they think they know they could cease to advertise themselves; others would do this important job for them without cost.

CONVERTS IN UNIFORM

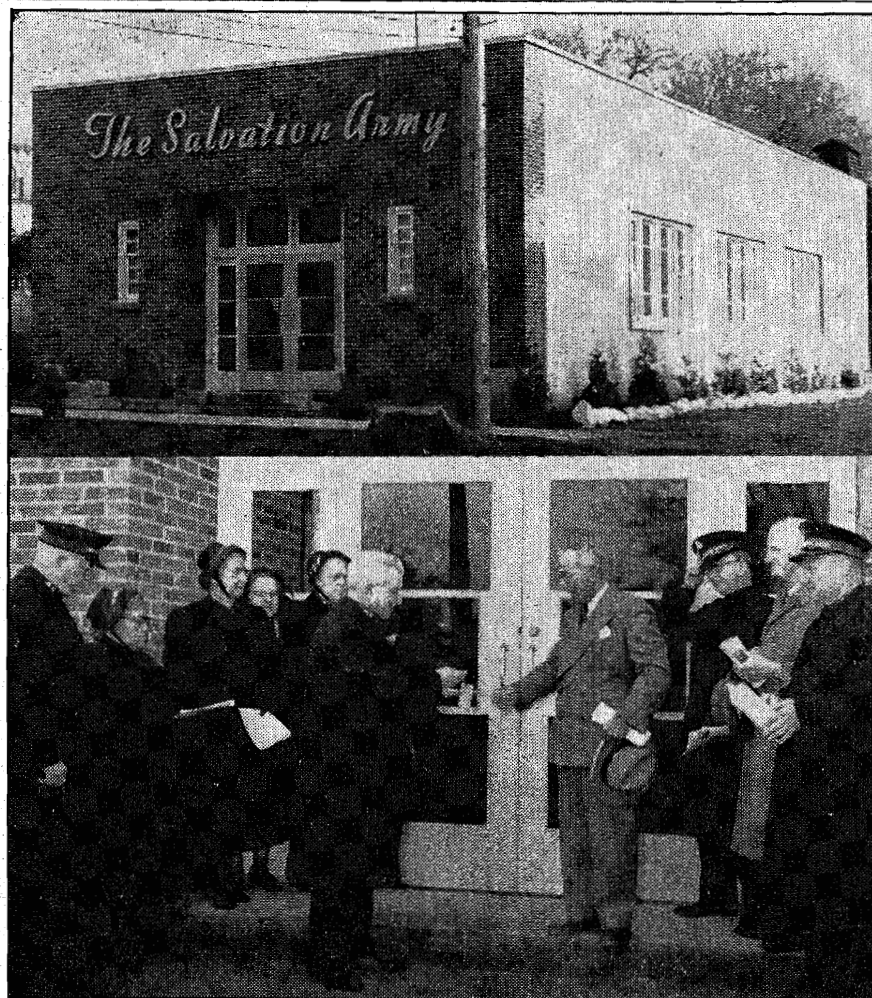
East Toronto Corps (Sr.-Captain and Mrs. M. Rankin). Many newcomers have been welcomed. During a Sunday night prayer meeting three couples—man and wife—stepped out boldly for the Lord. They are now in uniform and active in the work of the corps. Also, two sisters found God at the Army, one of whom has now been enrolled and is in full uniform.

The recent visit of the Territorial Young People's Secretary and Mrs. Lt.-Colonel T. Mundy was one of inspiration and blessing. In the morning meeting two new cornets were dedicated by the Colonel and presented to two bandsmen with the prayer that they would be used

to bring blessing to many. Following this, two comrades were enrolled under the Flag by the commanding officer.

The visitors, using their concertinas, brought joy to the young people in the company meeting after which the young people's workers enjoyed supper together, and timely instruction and advice from the Colonel.

A songster brigade has been formed and the members presented with their commissions. They are under the direction of Songster Leader Mrs. H. Dunstan. Mrs. Quibell is songster secretary and Mrs. A. Gooch, songster sergeant of the brigade.



COMPACT AND PRESENTABLE, the new citadel at Port Hope, Ont. In the lower picture, which was taken at the opening, are (left to right): Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. W. Carruthers; Mrs. Lt.-Colonel W. Effer; Mrs. Brigadier A. Cameron; Mrs. Colonel G. Best; Colonel Best (receiving key from builder, Mr. G. Garnett); Brigadier Cameron; Mayor Wilbur Moore; Lt.-Colonel W. Effer. Second-Lieutenant R. Calvert is the commanding officer.

Sat.	Hamilton	ZBM
Sun.	CHILLIWACK	CHWK
Fri.	1770	CHWC
Sat.	1760	CHUC
Sun.	1750	CHUN
Sun.	1740	CKLN
Sun.	1730	CKJL
Sun.	1720	CKJY
Sun.	1710	CKMO
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Sun.	460	CKJL
Sun.	450	CKJY
Sun.	440	CKJL
Sun.	430	CKJY
Sun.	420	CKJL
Sun.	410	CKJY
Sun.	400	CKJL
Sun.	390	CKJY
Sun.	380	CKJL
Sun.	370	CKJY
Sun.	360	CKJL
Sun.	350	CKJY
Sun.	340	CKJL
Sun.	330	CKJY
Sun.	320	CKJL
Sun.	310	CKJY
Sun.	300	CKJL
Sun.	290	CKJY
Sun.	280	CKJL
Sun.	270	CKJY
Sun.	260	CKJL
Sun.	250	CKJY
Sun.	240	CKJL
Sun.	230	CKJY
Sun.	220	CKJL
Sun.	210	CKJY
Sun.	200	CKJL
Sun.	190	CKJY
Sun.	180	CKJL
Sun.	170	CKJY
Sun.	160	CKJL
Sun.	150	CKJY
Sun.	140	CKJL
Sun.	130	CKJY
Sun.	120	CKJL
Sun.	110	CKJY
Sun.	100	CKJL
Sun.	90	CKJY
Sun.	80	CKJL
Sun.	70	CKJY
Sun.	60	CKJL
Sun.	50	CKJY
Sun.	40	CKJL
Sun.	30	CKJY
Sun.	20	CKJL
Sun.	10	CKJY
Sun.	0	CKJL

All p.m. except where indicated by asterisk	
Sun.	1150
Sun.	1230
Sun.	1280
Sun.	1340
Sun.	1400
Sun.	1450
Sun.	1500
Sun.	1550
Sun.	1600
Sun.	1650
Sun.	1700
Sun.	1750
Sun.	1800
Sun.	1850
Sun.	1900
Sun.	1950
Sun.	2000
Sun.	2050
Sun.	2100
Sun.	2150
Sun.	2200
Sun.	2250
Sun.	2300
Sun.	2350
Sun.	2400
Sun.	2450
Sun.	2500
Sun.	2550
Sun.	2600
Sun.	2650
Sun.	2700
Sun.	2750
Sun.	2800
Sun.	2850
Sun.	2900
Sun.	2950
Sun.	3000
Sun.	3050
Sun.	3100
Sun.	3150
Sun.	3200
Sun.	3250
Sun.	3300
Sun.	3350
Sun.	3400
Sun.	3450
Sun.	3500
Sun.	3550
Sun.	3600
Sun.	3650
Sun.	3700
Sun.	3750
Sun.	3800
Sun.	3850
Sun.	3900
Sun.	3950
Sun.	4000
Sun.	4050
Sun.	4100
Sun.	4150
Sun.	4200
Sun.	4250
Sun.	4300
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Sun.	4400
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Sun.	4700
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Sun.	4950
Sun.	5000
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Sun.	6800
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Sun.	6900
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Sun.	7000
Sun.	7050
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Sun.	7200
Sun.	7250
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Sun.	7450
Sun.	7500
Sun.	7550
Sun.	7600
Sun.	7650
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Sun.	8000
Sun.	8050
Sun.	8100
Sun.	8150
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Sun.	8250
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Sun.	8800
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Sun.	8900
Sun.	8950
Sun.	9000
Sun.	9050
Sun.	9100
Sun.	9150
Sun.	9200
Sun.	9250
Sun.	9300
Sun.	9350
Sun.	9400
Sun.	9450
Sun.	9500
Sun.	9550
Sun.	9600

NEWFOUNDLAND	640	St. John's
CORBY	790	Corner Brook
CBQ	1350	Gander
CBT	1350	Grand Falls
CBN	640	St. John's
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND	630	Charlottetown
CJFY	1240	Summerside
CJLS	1840	Yarmouth
CEAB	1450	Windsor
CKCT	1400	Trento
CKEN	1490	Kentville
CKNS	960	Halifax
CKWB	1000	Bridgewater
CJEX	580	Antigonish
NOVA SCOTIA	930	Saint John
CFBC	1070	Sackville
CBA	1220	Moncton
CKWC	1340	Newcastle
CKRM	550	Frederton
CFNB	950	Campbellton
CKNB	950	Campbellton
NEW BRUNSWICK	600	Montreal
CFCE	1340	Quebec City
CJNT	600	Quebec City
QUEBEC	600	Quebec City

"THIS IS MY STORY, THIS IS MY SONG" IN SI SIHL

Broadcast for Your Benefit

HAIRIS INDUSTRIAL CHAPLAINS

—The Union Signal

"I could not place my influence and my dad's work in jeopardy," said Miss Aylene Porter, Dallas, Texas, author of Papa Was a Preacher.

The book recounts the experiences of a Methodist preacher's large family. The role of her father, the Reverend R. E. Porter, officially retired but still serving as pastor of Clark Memorial Methodist Church, Bonham, Texas, was to be played by a popular actor in a talented dramatic cast.

"If we can't depend upon people of principle to stand for high things, we are in a bad way," Miss Porter explained.

The book concern proposed a weekly TV show, based on her book, to run for two or three years.

pany.

● The author of a best selling book has turned down a handsome offer for television rights because the sponsor would be a beer company.

words. Mrs. Rolih Hassinger, the girls' mother, said Karen prefers reading the Bible to other types of literature usually more popular with teenagers. She has memorized many Bible verses for her own pleasure.

many of the "bottom guys," especially the men, are returning to church as a result of the spiritual program conducted by the company. The program includes a daily ten-minute service held in the open plant on company time with readings from the Bible and prayers.

giving—these are the parishioners of the Salvation Army. No one is turned away. No one is beyond redemption. If you believe in man's humanity to man and want to exemplify it, be generous with your change when a lass or ladlie in blue passes the tambourine!"

work they are doing! The deficits,

God pervades only handsome men who worship on street corners. There is no faith of class, creed or color. All the world is their congregation, and what wonderful a congregation.

cluded the following expression in a

plant on company time with readings from the Bible and prayers.

conducted by the company.

many of the "bottom guys," especially the men, are returning to church as a result of the spiritual program

Society's secretary for translations. He has returned from a fifteen-month round-the-world trip, during which he visited thirty countries on five continents and assisted with dozens of new translations and revisions of existing editions.

"Never before has there been such

RECORD DEMAND FOR BIBLES

Matthew to Revelation.

may be produced by using the Audio-Book Adapter supplied for the purpose. The new Talking Bible records are in black morocco leather albums. It takes twenty-three hours of continuous listening to hear the New Testament read through from

from phonograph records, playing

● The new Talking Bible is now obtainable in album form. The entire New Testament (St. James translation), has been recorded on twenty-four ultra microgroove 16

university's fund drive in the United

Arthur, honorary chairman of the



in the

CHRISTIANITY